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The Mercury.

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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1858, and is now in its one hundred and forty-seventh year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, and with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, state, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

TERMS: \$2.00 a year in advance. Single copies in wrappers, 5 cents. Extra copies can always be obtained at the office of publication and at the various news rooms in the city. Specimen copies sent free, and special terms given advertisers by addressing the publisher.

Societies Occupying Mercury Hall

ROGER WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 205, Order Sons of St. George, Percy Jeffrey, President; Fred Hall, Secretary; meets 1st and 3rd Mondays. NEWPORT TERTIARY, No. 18, Knights of Macedonia, Charles D. Dudley, Commander; Charles S. Crundall, Record Keeper; meets 2nd and 4th Mondays.

COURT WANTED, No. 879, FORESTERS OF AMERICA, Alexander Nicol, Chief Ranger; Robert Johnston, Recording Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

NEWPORT CAMP, No. 767, M. W. A., James W. Wilson, Ven. Consul; Charles S. Parker, Clerk. Meets 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, James Sullivan, President; David McIntosh, Secretary; meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays. OCEAN LODGE, No. 7, A. O. U. W., George B. Swan, Master Workman; Perry B. Dawley, Recorder. Meets second and fourth Wednesdays.

MALHONRE LODGE, No. 85, N. E. O. P., T. F. Allan, Warden; Dudley R. Campbell, Secretary; meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians, meets 2nd and 4th Thursdays. REDWOOD LODGE, No. 11, K. of P., George Russell, Chancellor Commander; Robert S. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seals; meets 1st and 4th Fridays.

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 8, U. R. K. of P., St. Knight Captain William H. Langley; Everett I. Gorton, Recorder; meets first Fridays.

Local Matters.

High School Contract.

At the last regular meeting of the city council a petition was presented stating that the contractor for the new high school was not living up to the requirements of his contract in not employing Newport labor. A public hearing was ordered by the council and this was held on Tuesday evening. It turned out to be a sort of fiasco. It was hard work for the committee to find anybody willing to speak for the petitioners and when two men came forward to state that they had been refused jobs while outsiders were employed they were unable to cite, but one specific instance and in this case the man employed proved to have lived in Newport for some time. Mr. McCormick, the contractor, addressed the committee and stated that he was living up to his contract. He gave the names of his men and stated that all but two resided in this city and those two lived in Middletown. The list of names was left with the committee for further consideration and the hearing was closed.

The head of Long wharf presents a somewhat wrecked appearance as the result of an accident Sunday evening. Freight steamer City of Boston attempted to make a landing at the wharf here during the storm and found it a difficult job. The steamer was on her way from Fall River to New York to undergo repairs and was to make a landing here to take on some of the officials of the company. The high wind that prevailed made her misadventure at the first attempt and she came back for a second trial. She was brought up bow on and struck the wharf with considerable force, carrying away a large part of the end structure. The wharf was damaged to the amount of several hundred dollars but the steamer was uninjured. Repairs have been begun and will be rushed to completion.

Miss Mabel Eleworth Boggs, daughter of the late Marcus Boggs, of Chillicothe, Ohio, was married to Mr. Robertson Honey, son of Colonel Samuel R. Honey, at the home of the bride on Wednesday. Rev. C. Robertson Honey of Oxford, England, an uncle of the groom, and private chaplain of Lord Eustace Cecil, officiated. Mr. Gerald Hall Gray acted as best man and the ushers were Messrs. Julien T. Davies, Arthur Jones, Thomas Jenkins and Bertram Bell. Mr. and Mrs. Honey left for the East on a wedding trip and will spend a portion of it at Newport.

Miss Mary Stewart has so far recovered from her operation for appendicitis as to be able to leave the hospital and go to her home.

Supreme Court.

The common pleas division has had considerable business before it this week, and, although out of respect to the late Judge Rogers, no session was held on Tuesday, a number of important cases have been disposed of.

On Monday Camille Parenti, on two counts charging breaking and entering, was placed in custody of the probation officer. The Block Island cases were allowed to go over on account of the storm.

The case against William Chisno charged with larceny of jewels belonging to Mrs. Victoria Darrah was heard before a jury. Evidence showed that defendant found the envelope on Mill street but he claimed that he intended to return it to the owner when he found out who it was. The jury returned a verdict of not guilty. The case occupied about two days.

On Wednesday the defendants in the Block Island assault cases were arraigned to plead to the indictments. J. Eugene Littlefield said he was not guilty of assault with a dangerous weapon. Simon T. Ball and Frank M. Mott made similar pleas to indictments for simple assault. All were released on bail and the cases were marked continued.

The case of Clarence A. Hammett vs. William A. Barker was heard by a jury. Plaintiff claimed a commission for renting a building on Washington square belonging to defendant, to Daniel J. McGowan. Defendant claimed that Mr. Hammett's services were not asked nor required. The matter was gone into at some length and considerable testimony presented. The amount asked was \$750 and the jury returned a verdict of \$150 for plaintiff.

Severe Storm.

Last Sunday occurred one of the worst storms of the season thus far. The rain fell in torrents all day and the wind blew a gale from early morning to late at night. It was a sudden storm that worked up from the Gulf and came without warning from the weather bureau. Although it was a bad day to be out, and most persons kept close to their homes in consequence, there was not any damage done in this vicinity, but in other places great havoc was wrought by the storm.

The through schedule of the Newport & Providence cars was interrupted because the steamer Beaver Tail was unable to make her trips across the channel to Bristol. The wind continued high on Monday and the boats from Block Island had rather rougher weather than they cared to encounter.

Wyoming-Colorado Oil Co.

Simion Hazard, Secretary of the Wyoming-Colorado Oil Co., has received a supply of the oil from the Company's well No. 2, now drilling on their Crawford property, at Boulder, Colorado, and is giving away sample bottles to the stockholders and their friends, of this high grade of petroleum. Their well is down over 2800 feet and it is expected that they will come into the main body of oil in a few days at most, having entered the last formation over the main body of oil and struck a fine flow of gas Wednesday of this week.

Newport Dorcas Society.

The weekly meetings of the Dorcas Society for sewing and distribution are held every Friday from 2 to 4 p. m., from November to March at Trinity Guild rooms. With the approach of cold weather, there are the usual applications for warm clothing for the aged and feeble as well as for children, and we trust that our kind friends will remember our work and our needs in the same generous way as in the past by sending their contributions to the treasurer, Mrs. A. K. Sherman, 12 Clarke street.

Announcement has been made of the engagement of Miss Ethel May Dodge, daughter of Mrs. William R. Dodge, to Mr. Archie Barker, son of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander N. Barker.

Steamer Hattie, Capt. William R. Rose, pulled up her fish traps Saturday, being the last of the fleet to raise her traps for the season.

Mr. Joseph Peckham has resigned his position as leader of the Channing Memorial Church choir on account of ill health.

The work of constructing the foundation walls for the new St. Joseph's Church has been begun.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry G. Riley, nee Roffler, have returned from their wedding trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas F. Murphy of Boston are visiting relatives in this city.

City Council.

There was a special meeting of the city council on Tuesday evening, called for the purpose of ratifying the sale of the negotiable notes of the city to relieve the floating debt. The meeting was called to order by Mayor Boyle who read a communication stating the reason for the special meeting.

A resolution was presented ratifying the sale of the notes by the finance committee. Alderman Bliss explained that seven bids had been received ranging from par to 101.15 and the notes had been sold to Blake Bros. & Co. at the last named figure. The following resolution was then passed:

"Resolved, That the sale to Messrs. Blake Bros. & Co., at 101.15, of \$150,000 of four per cent notes of the city, dated November 15, 1904, and payable \$30,000 thereof on the fifteenth of September in each of the years 1905 to 1909 inclusive, issued under the authority of Chapter 1179 of the Public Laws, passed February 16, 1904, be and the same is hereby ratified and confirmed, and the notes to be signed by the city treasurer and approved by the chairman of the committee on finance and to be in denominations as follows: Two notes of \$1,000 each and two of \$5,000 each, maturing in each of the years 1905-1909."

A communication was received from the police commission asking that a new horse be purchased for use with the patrol wagon and that needed repairs be made to the heating apparatus at the police station. The matter was referred back to the commission for a statement as to the condition of the police appropriation.

Aquidneck Chapter, O. E. S.

The annual meeting of this Chapter was held Tuesday night when the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

Worthy Master—Mrs. Mary Allen.
Worthy Vice Master—W. Sampson.
Associate Master—Miss Ella K. Martland.
Secretary—Miss Sarah B. DeBlois.
Treasurer—Miss Adia S. Bliss.
Conductress—Mrs. Margaret M. Campbell.
Associate Conductress—Mrs. John H. Seane.
Marshal—F. Augustus Ward.
Chaplain—Mrs. Martin E. W. Lee.
Aid—Mrs. Tilla Beecher.
Ruth—Mrs. Grace Smith.
Father—Mrs. Charlotte Brown.
Mother—Mrs. John A. Garnett.
Ecluse—Mrs. Alice Frank.
Organist—Miss Corn Gooding.
Warder—Fred A. Allan, Jr.
Sentinel—George H. Lovejoy.

The election was presided over and the officers were installed by Mrs. Alice M. Arnold of Woonsocket, Grand Matron. At the close of the meeting a collation was served. An elegant gold past matron's jewel was presented to the retiring matron, Miss Cora M. Gosling.

Thanksgiving Menu.

Here is a good Thanksgiving menu for the boy who likes pie, and pray tell us what boy does not like it:

First Course.
Mince Pie and W. Sampson.
Second Course.
Pumpkin Pie and Turkey.
Third Course.
Lemon Pie, Cranberries.
Fourth Course.
Custard Pie, Apple Pie, Mince Pie, Chocolate Cake, Ice Cream.
Fifth Course.
Dessert.
Pie.

Miss Mary Izette Pierce, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Thomas S. Pierce, was married on Wednesday to Mr. Albert Lewis Rodman, the ceremony taking place at the home of the bride's parents in North Kingstown. Rev. F. B. Cole, rector of St. Paul's church, officiated. The bride was handsomely gowned in white crepe de chine. She was given away by her father. Mr. and Mrs. Rodman left on a wedding trip and on their return will reside in Lafayette. The bride's father, Colonel Pierce, is town clerk of North Kingstown and a past commander of Washington Commandery, No. 4, Knights Templars of Newport.

Mr. Earle C. Simons, who has been leading man with the Thurber & Nasher Stock Company for some time past, severs his connection with that company today. He has accepted a position with the Bennett, Thompson & Moulton Company. The many friends of Mr. Simons will be disappointed over the change at the present time, as he was booked to play in Newport next week.

The engagement has been announced in Jamestown of Mr. George Bevin and Miss Phoebe Champlin, daughter of Mrs. W. A. Champlin. The wedding will take place some time this month.

Mr. George Irish is critically ill at his home on Poplar street, having suffered a second shock within a short time.

Thorvald Nelson died at his home on Willow street on Wednesday. A widow and one child survive him.

Colonel John Rogers was in Providence the past week, attending the funeral of Judge Rogers.

Senator Wetmore and family have taken up their residence in Washington for the winter.

Recent Deaths.

Manuel F. Augustus.

Manuel F. Augustus, one of the best known Portuguese residents of this city, died very suddenly on Sunday. He had been ill for less than two days, death being caused by intestinal trouble.

Mr. Augustus had been a resident of Newport for about 14 years, having come to this city from Fall River. He was engaged in business as a butcher and by close application and ability made his business profitable. He was actively engaged in the interests of his fellow Portuguese, being an active worker in the Portuguese Independent Club and St. Michael's Society. He was largely instrumental in bringing all the councils of the society here a little over a year ago and was marshal of the big parade at that time. He was also member of several other organizations, among them being Court Wanton, Foresters of America; Newport Council, Knights of Sherwood Forest, and By-the-Sea Aerie of Eagles.

The funeral took place Wednesday morning at St. Mary's Church, where a solemn high mass of requiem was conducted by Rev. William B. Meenan, assisted by Rev. P. A. Cronan and Rev. M. F. Reddy. At the close of the service the remains were escorted as far as Bliss road on the way to St. Columba's Cemetery by the various societies of which he was a member, the line being headed by the Newport Band.

The bearers were Daniel J. Buckley and John Rogers, of the Knights; Joseph Martin and A. T. Loughlin, of Court Wanton; Maurice E. Craus and Matthew Tobin, of the Eagles; and Antonio E. Sylvia and Manuel Alves of St. Michael's Council.

Invitations have been issued by Mr. and Mrs. Albert F. Fish for the marriage of their daughter, Miss Edna Louise to Mr. George Edward Champlin, of this city, son of Captain and Mrs. William Champlin, at the Congregational church, West Burnstable, Mass., on Wednesday evening, November 30th, at 8 o'clock.

Edward Larson suffered a fracture of one of his legs on Wednesday. He was knocked down by a bicyclist on Warner street.

Miss Bessie C. Gilpin, daughter of Mr. John Gilpin, is guest of Mrs. Bickerton at Pawtucket, R. I.

Mr. James P. Taylor has been in Boston this week on business.

Mr. William R. Sautpaugh is confined to his home by illness.

Mr. C. A. Easterbrooks has hauled his traps for the season.

Middletown.

The work of replacing the abutment on the south end of the bridge at the town pond has just been completed, it having been badly washed away by the recent severe storm.

Mrs. Robinson P. Barker, for many years an old resident of the town, will spend the winter at Bristol Ferry with Mrs. Abner Lawton.

Mr. Abram Brown, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. Abram Brown, and Miss Julia Sherman, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Sherman, all of Middletown, were quietly married in Newport Tuesday evening, where they will take up their future residence. The ceremony was performed by their pastor, the Rev. S. F. Johnson of the Methodist Episcopal church. Mr. Brown has been with the employ of the Swift Beef Co. for some time.

Fifteen members from the Methodist church attended the Social Union in Newport Tuesday evening at the First Church.

The members of Aquidneck Grange, Middletown, and of Portsmouth Grange have received an invitation to attend divine service at the Christian church Sunday evening, by its pastor, the Rev. Edward H. Macey.

A Leap Year Party is to be given at the town hall Monday evening by the young ladies of the town. Music will be furnished by the Harry K. Howard orchestra. The ladies are to invite the gentlemen and are to bear the expenses of the evening.

The death of Mrs. William G. Sisson occurred Thursday noon after a long and wasting illness of consumption. She leaves a husband and two daughters, Misses Luella and Ivah Sisson.

Portsmouth.

Eureka Lodge, No. 22, A. F. and A. M., held its annual installation of officers in the lodge room Thursday evening of last week. The officers were installed by District Deputy Grand Master Wendell R. Davis. Walter E. Munroe of St. Albans Lodge, No. 6, of Bristol, acted as master of ceremonies.

Following are the officers for the ensuing year.

Worthy Master—Seth Anthony.
Senior Warden—Robert A. Sisson.
Junior Warden—William B. Anthony.
Treasurer—William E. Fitch.
Secretary—Henry F. Anthony.
Senior Deacon—H. Archie Chase.
Junior Deacon—Franklin Porter.
Senior Steward—Edith A. Army.
Junior Steward—Louis H. Chase.
Marshal—Charles L. Freese.
Bentinel—Charles L. Hewell.
Chaplain—Charles G. Thomas.
Tyler—George B. Thomas.
Organist—K. H. May.
Finance Committee—Dr. Minot A. Steele, Josiah K. Fish, Constant C. Chase.

School Committee.

The regular monthly meeting of the school committee was held on Monday evening, with all the members present except one. Superintendent Lull read his report, from which the following extracts are made:

The total enrollment for the month ending October 28, 1904, was 3,621; the average belonging was 3,402; the average attending was 2,282.6, the per cent of attendance was 64, the cases of tardiness 387, and the cases of dismissal 72. There are 27 rooms having 50 pupils or more. The five rooms of grade VII have 42 pupils more than the regular seats. The total enrollment in the Rogers is 336, and in the Townsend Industrial School 1,049. The total number of permits to date is 475, or a sufficient number to fill nine and one-half rooms of 50 pupils each.

The Board of Health has reported nine cases of contagious disease since the last meeting of this board. Of these two are due to diphtheria and seven to scarlet fever.

The evening elementary, the mechanical drawing, the double-entry book-keeping and the cooking classes of the evening schools are in session this evening for the first time. The free-hand drawing and the typewriting stenography classes will open next Wednesday.

The committee on supplies voted to exchange four old typewriting machines in the commercial department of the Rogers for four new Remingtons, and they are now in use. One machine has a tabulator attachment, so that the pupils may have practice in bill making and in table work.

The third general meeting of the year has been held, with the superintendent as speaker. The subject was the method of electing a President and Vice President of the United States. In addition to all the strictly political questions, from the ward caucuses in early spring to the inauguration in the succeeding March, many historical data and interesting statistics connected with former elections were presented. The whole address was published in the Journal of Education and copies for reference were sent to the schools.

During the month your superintendent, at the request of Rev. Frederick B. Cole, superintendent of schools of North Kingstown, addressed his teachers assembled in Wickford. The subject was "The Influence of School Habits on the Adult."

The annual October meeting of the Rhode Island Institute of Instruction was especially strong this year. Able men and women from far and near presented important educational matters for instruction and inspiration. All the teachers, excepting six who were detained by illness, were present. The Teachers' Retirement Fund has been increased by gifts of \$130 and the fund now amounts to \$12,282.89.

The financial report nine months is as follows: Actual income to date, \$107,635.78; expenditures for ten months, \$96,802.77; balance at date, \$10,833.01.

The report of Trust Officer Topham contained the following:

Number of cases investigated (reported by teachers), 188; number of cases of truancy (public 25; parochial, 7, 82); number out for illness and other reasons, 156; number of different children truants, 28; number found not attending school, 34; number sent to parochial schools, 25; number sent to parochial schools, 9; number of regular certificates issued, 2.

During the past month three boys have been committed to the Stockport school during their minority for truancy, and one an habitual school offender, for other causes. Two girls, truants, who were in the care of the officers of the Rhode Island Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, were taken to Providence and placed in the Rhode Island Catholic Orphan Asylum. One boy who committed larceny by taking 50 cents from a teacher's desk was arrested, pleaded guilty and was placed on probation, and made good the money. November 2 a blind boy, ten years old, was placed at the Perkins Institute for the Blind in Boston, through the State Board of Education. I recommend the prosecution of Daniel O'Connor and John Williams for not attending school according to law; also William H. Brown, an habitual school offender.

A resolution was adopted notifying the city council of the election of Mr. Greenlaw as Cokes professor and requesting the transfer of the amount of his salary from the Cokes fund to the school fund. At the suggestion of Mr. Lull it was voted to have the one session signal on the fire alarm struck twenty minutes earlier or at 11.20.

Mr. Lull stated that Miss Worthen had made a simple examination of the eyes of the pupils in one of the school buildings with rather startling results. The percentage of those whose eyes were defective was large, and it was decided to report the matter to the committee with a view to having a thorough examination made.

In executive session Miss Jennie W. Mackle of Grade V was elected, at a salary of \$700, to fill the vacancy in Grade IX caused by the resignation of Miss Emily C. Taylor. Miss Pauline Muenchinger was elected to fill Miss Mackle's place at a salary of \$400.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Wilcox, who have been visiting relatives in this city, have returned to their home in Washington.

Mr. Maurice A. Alton, of this city, has entered the New York store of Caswell, Massey & Co.

Mr. Robert L. Underwood sprained his ankle recently and was housed some days.

Mrs. A. C. Titus is guest of her son, Mr. Harry A. Titus, on Mill street.

Wedding Bells.

Cozzens-Reynolds.

The wedding of Miss Almira Allen Reynolds, daughter of Mrs. Gardner B. Reynolds, and Mr. George Freeman Cozzens, son of Mrs. William C. Cozzens, took place at Emmanuel Church Wednesday night, and was witnessed by a large gathering of relatives and friends. Rev. E. H. Porter officiating.

The bride entered the church on the arm of her brother, Mr. Benjamin Reynolds, who gave her away. She wore a dress of white crepe de chine, en traine, and a long tulle veil. Her bouquet was of white chrysanthemums. Miss Harriet Potter of Providence, a cousin of the bride, was maid of honor and wore a dress of pink Liberty silk, with trimmings of chiffon to match. She carried a bouquet of pink chrysanthemums.

Mr. William C. Cozzens, brother of the groom, performed the duties of best man, and the ushers were Messrs. Thomas and Franklin Stetson, of New York, Archibald Potter of Providence and John Thayer of Worcester. The church was prettily decorated with white chrysanthemums.

Miss Marlon Dowling rendered a musical program before the arrival of the wedding party.

A reception followed at the home of the bride's mother on Rhode Island avenue, which was largely attended and where the many beautiful gifts were shown.

Mr. and Mrs. Cozzens left on a wedding trip and at its conclusion will reside in New York.

Burdick-Chase.

A pretty wedding took place in Providence on Tuesday at the residence of Colonel and Mrs. Philip S. Chase, on Waterman street, when their daughter Miss Annette Weaver Chase, was united in marriage to Mr. George Burdick, formerly of this city, and a son of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin S. Burdick. Rev. A. M. Lord performed the ceremony.

The bridesmaids were Miss Marie Wilkison of Providence, and Miss Catherine S. Burdick, of Newport, sister of the groom. Mr. Edward A. Sherman of this city performed the duties of best man and the ushers were Messrs. Philip S. Chase, Jr., of Providence and William R. Harvey of this city.

A wedding breakfast and reception followed the ceremony, and Mr. and Mrs. Burdick received the congratulations and good wishes of their many friends.

The bride was the recipient of many beautiful and costly gifts.

Mr. and Mrs. Burdick left on a wedding trip and at its conclusion will reside in New York, where Mr. Burdick is on the editorial staff of the New York Tribune.

Vayro-Mayer.

Miss Mabel Kruger Mayer, daughter of Mrs. Joseph Mayer, was married on Wednesday evening to Mr. Henry Irving Vayro, at the study of the Zabriskie Memorial Church of St. John the Evangelist, Rev. Charles F. Beattie officiating. The bride wore a traveling dress of blue, with a hat to match, and was attended by her sister, Miss Bertha G. Mayer, who wore a dress of brown. Mr. Thomas C. Vayro, brother of the groom, was the best man.

The ceremony was attended only by witnesses, but a reception followed at home of the bride's mother on Spring street and was largely attended. The rooms in which the reception were held were prettily decorated with palms and cut flowers.

The Training Station orchestra furnished music and Caterer Reeves served a buffet supper.

The presents sent to the bride were numerous and beautiful.

Mr. and Mrs. Vayro left on the late train for Boston on their wedding trip and on their return will reside on Spring street.

Seabury-Speers.

Miss Isabella M. Speers, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Speers, was married Thursday evening to Colonel John C. Seabury, at the home of the bride's parents on Summer street and it was a very quiet affair. Rev. T. Calvin McClelland officiated. Colonel and Mrs. Seabury left on the New York boat on a wedding trip and on their return will reside on Church street.

There was a large and appreciative audience in Masonic Hall on Thursday evening, the occasion being the reading by Miss Lillian Susan Jeter from Marie Corelli's celebrated drama, "Wormwood." Miss Jeter rendered the drama admirably and her efforts were thoroughly appreciated by her audience. This was Miss Jeter's last public appearance in Newport.

The engagement of Miss Ethel D. Bliss, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore D. Bliss, to Mr. Arthur A. Sherman, has been announced.

Mr. William A. Peckham is seriously ill at his home on Newport avenue. His condition is regarded as critical.

Over the Border

By ...
ROBERT BARR.

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Author of "Jennie Baxter,
Journalist," Etc.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ON the morning of the fourth day Armstrong was delighted to learn from De Courcy that the king had recovered and would see him at noon. The foreigner engaged the envoy in a long conversation, the object of which was to discover whether or not the girl had said anything to him of the excited conference of the day before. The unsuspecting Scot, entirely off his guard, thinking he spoke with a friend, was read by the other like an open book, and De Courcy was speedily convinced that Frances Wentworth had kept her own counsel. This gave the spy renewed confidence, and as they walked down the street together De Courcy held his head higher than had been the case when he last turned his back upon the Crown prince. His buoyant nature was quick to recover from depression, and his merriment, fed anew from his late rebuff, set his alert mind at work to contrive some plan whereby he might silence his wounded pride and avenge himself on the girl and his favored rival, even at some slight risk to himself.

Although the danger of exposure seemed imminent enough when he was with her, he knew that as she grew calmer and reflected upon the situation she would become more reluctant to wreck her plans in order to bring punishment upon him. He would get them out of Oxford that day if possible, but he would instill poison in the young lover's mind that would take all sweetness from the journey.

De Courcy had offered to show Armstrong the way to the king's rooms, so that there should be no delay when the Scot set out for his appointment at 12 o'clock, and they had now entered the quadrangle of Christchurch, which was deserted save for the guards at the gate. Armstrong thanked him for his guidance, and was turning away, when the other, who seemed about to speak, glanced at the soldiers on duty, then, thinking the spot ill chosen for what he had to say, invited the Scot to his room. They went up a stair together, the host setting out wine and asking his guest to seat himself.

"Has the lady who accompanied you quite recovered from her fatigue?" asked De Courcy indifferently.

"Well, as I told you, I met her yesterday for a few moments only, and I am sorry she was not in the highest spirits, but she will be the better for seeing the green fields again. Like myself, she is of the country, and does not thrive within the walls of a town."

"Yes, I noticed that when she was in London."

"In London? Did you know her in London?"

"Oh, hasn't she told you of our relationship? Perhaps I should not have mentioned it."

"What do you mean by your relationship? You are French; she is pure English."

De Courcy threw back his head and laughed, unheeding and indeed unnoticed the angry color mounting in a face that had grown suddenly stern.

"My dear comrade, there are other relationships between a young man and a handsome woman than the ties of kinship. But those days are long past, and I should never have recalled them had it not been that you two have been traveling about the country together, I make no doubt, with an innocence that recalls the sylvan days of yore."

"Tell me in plain words what this relationship was to which you have referred."

"First answer me a question. Are you betrothed to Frances Wentworth?"

"No. I told you I acted the brother's part toward her in this journey."

"Oh, we all say that. But I am not in the least curious. If you intended to marry her, then were my mouth sealed. Very well, since you will have it, and I take your word as a gentleman pledged that you will say nothing to the girl of this until you are clear of Oxford. Know that I was once her betrothed. She was to have been my wife, and would have been my wife to-day had her father not fallen."

"Your wife?"

"Yes. Her father gave me permission to pay my court to her. She could not have been much more than sixteen then, and I was her first lover, a personage that a girl never forgets. Her father's ruin changed my plans, and I refused to marry her. I announced this refusal to her in the seclusion of my own room in Whitehall and—"

"Sir, you lie!"

Armstrong's sword seemed to spring of its own will from the scabbard, and his hand drew it a-swish through the air with the hiss of a deadly serpent. The Frenchman shrugged his shoulders, but did not move. The three words of his opponent had been spoken very quietly, despite his impulsive action. De Courcy did not raise his voice as he asked:

"Which of my statements do you question?"

"No matter for that. We fight on this phrase in Scotland. No man ever called me liar and lived."

"It is a coarse phrase, I admit, and did I not represent my king—were I as free as you—you should have had my response in steel as this. But I cannot wreck the king in a private quarrel of my own. Whether you killed me or I you, 'twould be equally disastrous to his majesty."

"I care nothing for the king. Draw, you poltroon, or I shall kill you where you sit."

"My dear Armstrong, I refuse to be murdered under a misapprehension on your part. I have said nothing against the girl. 'Tis all your own hot blood. And indeed your bawling is the girl's greatest danger; she might well tremble if she knew your present occupation. If you run your nimble sword through me, you give the girl to the fate that befell her father."

At the first word of danger to Frances at the point of Armstrong's blade sank to the floor, and he stood hesitating. A gleam of triumph glinted and died in the eye of the Frenchman. He knew he was the victor, although the chance he had run at one stage of the game almost made his heart stop beating.

"How can any action of mine jeopardize Lady Frances Wentworth?"

"If the king knew this girl was within his jurisdiction, she would be instantly arrested, tried and condemned. She entered Whitehall the day her father was executed for the sole purpose of murdering Charles. I prevented the carrying out of that purpose, and these scars on my face are the results of my interference with a mad-dened woman."

"Again, you lie, yet if she had killed you both she would have accomplished but justice."

"As to the truth or falsity of my statements, regarding which you make comments of unseemly tenderness, you may ask the king when you see him, or you may ask the lady herself when you get her out of Oxford. If you precipitate a turmoil here, you are like to tumble her pretty head in the basket. When this war is done with I will go far to teach you the correct method of addressing a gentleman."

Armstrong's sword dropped into scabbard again, and he drew a breath that was a sigh. The poison was already at work. He remembered the distress of the girl on the road, and her wail, "I am not worthy the love of any honest man."

"I shall never question her or any other, but will believe her lightest word against the world when she condescends to tell me. Meanwhile I shall get her out of this thieves' den as soon as may be, and when I meet you—"

De Courcy had risen, and now bowed slightly to his perturbed guest.

"Sir, you shall meet me at 12, and it will be my privilege to conduct you to his majesty. Good morning."

He stood by the window overlooking the quadrangle and watched his late visitor cross it, staggering once as if he had partaken freely of the wine which remained untasted on the table. As the Scot disappeared under the archway De Courcy laughed.

"My fine, strutting cockerel," he muttered, "I'll lay you by the heels before two days are past. Cromwell's at Brighton, curse his tattling tongue. How many more has he told of me? Never mind. He's the coming man. The king's game is up, and I shall shake the dust of Oxford from my feet to-night. St. Denis, if she had only known! Every man in Oxford distrusts me except the king."

When Armstrong was brought before Charles he found no difficulty in convincing the king that he was a well-accredited envoy, and his majesty inquired eagerly about the disposition of the Scottish people toward him, the number likely to take the field in his behalf, who their probable leaders were, and how soon they would be ready for the fray. All these questions Armstrong answered as hopefully as he could, in deep commiseration for a defeated man. The king commanded one of his secretaries to write out the required commission, and while this was being done Armstrong related to him the purport of the papers which he had not dared to bring with him.

The names of the nobles were inserted in the document from the dictation of the Scot, then the king's seal was affixed and Charles signed the parchment. It seemed in feverish haste to get the business done with, as if every moment lost was irreparable. When the ink was dried and the parchment folded Armstrong placed it in safe keeping within his vest. While thus engaged the king said a word to the secretary, who handed him a light rapier, then whispered to the messenger the single word "kneel." The Scot rushed to think he had been wanting in the etiquette of the court, his kind heart yearning to proffer any deference which should be rendered to a monarch, more especially that he was no longer in a position to enforce homage. He dropped on one knee and bowed his head. Charles, rising, touched the rapier blade lightly upon the shoulder of the kneeling man, saying:

"Rise, Sir William Armstrong, and be assured that if you bring this poor signature of mine to Scotland, there is no title in my gift you may not demand of me."

Armstrong rose, awkward as a school boy, not knowing where to look or what to say until he caught the cynical smile of De Courcy standing at the right hand of the king.

"I congratulate you, Sir William," said the Frenchman. The sight of the smile aroused the new hatred against the man which was smoldering in his heart, and he made no reply to the greeting, but said to the king:

"Sir, the only thanks I can tender you is haste to the north, and may God make my arm as strong to defend this signature as my heart is true to your majesty."

With that he turned his back upon royalty, a grievous breach in the eyes of courtiers, and fled.

"God grant it," said the king, with a

sigh, as he saw the man move away from whence he had risen.

"There is no doubt of it," said De Courcy softly.

"Doubt of what?" asked the king.

"The oath he took will sit lightly on his conscience. He prayed that his arm's strength might equal his heart's fealty. I distrust those who talk glibly of their hearts, and his was a most ambiguous prayer."

"Surely if ever honestly beamed from a man's face it was from Armstrong's. The Scots are trustworthy men."

"Some of them, your majesty."

Unconscious of the king as he turned them on his chamberlain.

"What do you fear, De Courcy?"

"I have been studying the man these three days past. I accepted without question his assurances, and threw him off his guard. Cromwell loves an honest-looking envoy, and from what Armstrong said I am sure he saw Cromwell no farther away than Northampton. He was very ready with his account of his own country people, but he told us nothing about the marvelous luck that brought him safely through a hostile land, which we know to our cost is admirably patrolled."

"If you knew this man to be a traitor or an emissary of that rebel, why did you bring him into our presence?"

"I could not be sure of him, your majesty, and there was always a chance that he was loyal and might get through."

"To raise my hopes like this and then dash them to the ground!"

"Not so, your majesty, if you will pardon me. Do you place importance on this commission?"

"The utmost importance. I know Traquair, and he will raise all Scotland for me if this commission reach him."

"Then we will make siccra, as a famous Scot once said."

"Ah, De Courcy, that was said when a treacherous murder was intended. How will you make sure that Armstrong is honest?"

"I should trouble no more about Armstrong, but if you will issue a duplicate of that commission I will guarantee that it reaches the hand of Traquair. I am a Frenchman and a subject of the French king, I carry my passport to that effect. Even if I am stopped I shall resist search on the ground of my nationality, and Cromwell is too greatly in awe of the power of France to risk its might being thrown in the scale against him. Indeed I doubt if I could offer a greater service to your majesty than to be captured and appeal to Louis."

The king's face cleared.

"You would not stop Armstrong then?"

"Assuredly not. If his copy gets into Cromwell's hands he may slacken his alertness and not be on the outlook for a duplicate. As I said before, there is a chance the Scot plays fair, but two commissions in the hands of Traquair will do no harm, and we make siccra."

"You are in the right, and your advice is always of the best. How soon will you be ready to leave?"

"This very moment, your majesty. There is no time to be lost."

"True! True! True!" Then to the secretary: "Write another. Do you remember the names?"

"Yes, your majesty. I have them here on a slip."

De Courcy bade farewell to the king, who urged him to return as soon as horse could bring him, and went to his room to prepare for his journey, the duplicate commission following him there.

Armstrong strode to the inn, sped up the stair and knocked at the door by the landing. Frances herself opened it, the determination on her face to refuse admission to any other than her melting into a welcome as she greeted him.

"My girl, are you ready for north?"

"Yes, yes, ready and eager. Have you seen the king?"

"I have, and his royal signature rests over my heart."

The joy fled from the girl's face; she turned and walked with uncertain steps to the table. A hope had arisen that the venomous De Courcy would have prejudiced the king against the young man and that the hateful task of robbery would not be required. But now this last refuge had failed. She strove not to weep.

"If you would rather not go until to-morrow," said Armstrong, "I can wait, but, lassie, I'm desperate anxious to leave Oxford as soon as possible. We will not travel farther than Banbury tonight."

"I am ready," she replied, with forced firmness.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE road between Oxford and Banbury is the most peaceful of thoroughfares, laid with reasonable directness, gently undulating in parts, passing through quiet villages and a sweet country, mildly beautiful, yet to the mind of Frances Wentworth this innocent highway ever remained, as it were, a section of the broad path to perdition. In after life she never thought of it but with a creepy sensation of horror.

Despondency seemed to be the portion of William Armstrong as well as of his fair companion. She surmised that he was pondering on the events which had happened when their faces were set south over this course, and in part she was right, but the thoughts which rankled in his mind were those implanted by De Courcy, and the wily Frenchman had been accurate enough in his belief that the young man's pleasure in the northward journey would be spoiled. He could not bring himself to ask any explanation from the girl, nor even tell her what De Courcy had said, for he saw that already a weight of woe oppressed her, and to that burden he would not add a pressure of the slightest word.

He possessed a supreme confidence in her and only feared that she had loved this runagate once and that some remnant of this long ago affection still remained. Her own words before they reached Oxford, her own action during the encounter facing the Crown prince disturbed him far more than the

luminations of the Frenchman. He strove to rid himself of these thoughts, but they were very intrusive and persistent. At last with an effort he roused himself and cried with feigned hilarity:

"Frances, we travel like two mutes. The influence of saddened Oxford is still upon us both. We are long out of sight of the town, so let us be done with all remembrance of it. The meeting with the king this morning has stirred me up to a great pity for him, but vexed meditations on his case are no help either to him or to us. The spur is the only weapon I can wield for him now, so let us gallop and cry, 'God save the king!'"

With that they reined together for a time and were the better of it. He had become almost cheerful again when the spires of Banbury came into view, and thanked fortune that the first stage of their march was safely over.

They found old John and his pack horse both ready for the road again, and Armstrong was pliantly loath to let such a fine evening slip by without further progress, but Frances seemed so wan and worn that he had not the heart to propose a more distant stopping place, and, with a sigh, he put up his horse for the night.

While he was gone the innkeeper came furtively to Frances, and, after seeing the pass, led her to the prepared room and showed her the door.

Much against her will, Armstrong insisted upon her coming to supper with him, although she protested she had no appetite, and indeed sat opposite him forlorn and could not touch a morsel. In vain he urged her to eat, but she shook her head, avoiding his glance and keeping her eyes downcast.

"My girl," he said anxiously, "you are completely tired. I see that you are on the point of being ill if better care is not taken. Rest here a few days, I beg of you. Eager as I am to be forward, I will stay if you wish to have me near you, or I will push on and come back for you."

"I shall be well enough in the morning, most like. I am tired tonight."

"And dispirited too."

"Yes, and dispirited. You will excuse me, I know."

Frances rose to her feet, but seemed so faint that she leaned against the table for support. He was by her side at once.

"My sweet lass, I am so sorry for you. Tell me what I can do for you and on my soul my life is yours if you require it."

"No, no! Heaven grant you take no hurt for my sake."

He slipped his arm about her waist and would have drawn her toward him, but with more strength than he had expected her to possess she held away. His great love for her almost overcame him and all the prudence he had gathered was scattered suddenly to the winds. "Dear, dear lass, one touch of our lips and see if all doubts do not dissolve before the contact."

Now she wrenched herself free and would have escaped but that he sprang forward and caught her by the wrists. A grip she was to remember later in the night. In spite of this prisoning, her hands were raised to the sides of her face and a look of such terror shot from her eyes that he feared some madness had come upon her.

"Not that! Not that!" she shrieked.

"The kiss of Judas! It would kill me!"

His arms dropped paralyzed to his sides and he stepped back a pace, amazed at the expression she had used and the terror of her utterance. Next instant he was alone and the closed door between them. Still he stood where she had left him.

"The kiss of Judas!" he muttered.

"The kiss of Judas! She loves him. I think he his friend, trying to take Judas advantage of him because we are alone together. De Courcy spoke truth. Woe is me, she loves him, and I, blind fool—O God, pity that poor girl and this insanity of passion wasted on so rank a cur!"

Frances fled to her room and threw herself on the bed in an agony of tears. This storm subsided into a gentle rain of subdued weeping and finally ceased as she heard the heavy tramp of riding boots in the adjoining room. She sat up in the darkness, listening intently. He closed the wooden shutters of the window, shaking them to be sure that their fastenings were secure. Then the bolts of the outer door were thrust into their places, but this apparently failing to satisfy the doubts of the inmate, there was a sound of some heavy article of furniture being dragged across the room; then the tramping ceased and all was still. Unheeding she heard the clock in a neighboring tower toll the hour; now it struck again and she counted the notes. Eleven! It was still too early. People slept heavier as the night wore on. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven! It must be midnight, and the first five strokes had been on Cromwell's breastplate. She roused herself and attempted to take off her shoes, but her hands were trembling so she was forced to desist. She sat up again, telling herself it was better to wait until all effect of the long chiming had ceased, for the striking of twelve sometimes disturbed or awakened the soundest sleeper. The clock tower seemed dangerously near, as if it were approaching her hour by hour. At last the shoes came off, and in stockinged feet she stood by the secret door, waiting till the feebly rapid beating of her heart should moderate. It threatened to choke her. Then she slid back the bar and drew open the door, all so whisperily oiled that there was not the slightest of a creak. She tipped into the cavern of blackness and silence, holding her spread hands in front of her, moving slowly, with the utmost caution, step by step.

In her mind she had estimated, from her earlier survey of the room, that nine steps would take her to the bed. Now she realized she had taken a dozen and yet had not come to it. She stood bewildered and listened. The helplessness of a person in the pitch dark thrilled her with a new fear, upsetting all her calculations. The panic of pulsation in her throat and in her ears at first rendered any attempt at listening futile, but at last she heard his regular breathing, as peaceful as that of an infant, and it came from the

other side of the room. For a moment this terrified her and she wondered if she were really awake or in the mazes of some baffling nightmare, but the solution came to her mind and quieted the growing agitation. It had been his bed that he had dragged across the floor, and he was now sleeping against the outside door. She changed her direction and, with her former stealth, came ghostlike to the edge of the couch.

His doublet was open at the throat; that was so much to the good. Like a snowflake in its coldness and its lightness her hand stole down underneath his vest, fluttered by the slow, steady, subdued beating of his heart, running no such wild race as her own at that moment. It seemed incredible that at last her fingers closed on the parchment, but there it lay, and gently she drew it forth. Was the robbery to be so easily accomplished after all? Ah, she had congratulated herself too soon. It stuck fast. Either the silken cord that bound it was caught or the document was secured to the vest, a contingency she had never thought of, and yet what more natural? Twice she tugged it gently, then a third time more strenuously, when it came unexpectedly away and her knuckles struck the sleeper under the chin. Instantly, like the snap of a steel trap, his fingers closed upon her wrist, and his voice rang out as wakeful and clear as ever he had spoken to her:

"Frances!"

Now the racing heart stopped dead. Lucky for her that at this supreme moment all action was impossible and that she was stricken into frozen marble. She imagined he was awake and knew her, and then the cold horror of her situation numbed thought at its source.

"Frances!" The voice came more sleepily this time, and he repeated thrice, very rapidly, "Frances, Frances, Frances!" Feebly her heart had taken up its work again. She was not to die as she had feared. Sudden with drowsiness, his voice rambled on. Then the words became indistinct and died away. But alas, the grip of iron remained on her wrist. For a long time she stood there motionless, then tried to disengage his fingers gently, but at the first movement the grasp tightened again. One o'clock struck. He slept so silently that it began to appear to her agitated brain that she was a prisoner of the dead. She came near to sinking from very weariness. Two o'clock tolled from the tower. Sometimes she fancied she slept standing there, but her five fingers did not sleep. She kept wondering in which direction lay the open door, for at times the room seemed to swim around her, thus disturbing all sense of locality. She almost laughed aloud when she thought of herself free, but groping helplessly for the open door, failing to find it, and she shuddered that even the remembrance of laughter should come to her at such a time. Surely a sign of approaching frenzy.

Then it seemed the fingers loosened, but hand and wrist had lost all feeling, and she could not be sure. She tottered and nearly fell. When she stood upright again she was free; he murmured to himself and his hand slushing undirected on the mattress as if it missed something it sought drunkenly to recover. The girl could scarce repress a cry of joy at her release. She moved eagerly in the path that should lead her to the door, but, hurrying too much, came upon his jackboots on the floor and fell helplessly, so overwrought that even when her feet touched them she could not draw back.

"Who's there? Who's in this room?" cried Armstrong. She was standing again, fully expecting to hear his feet on the floor, but the bell struck three, and he counted dreamily and all was still again. When she reached her room she closed and barred the door as silently as she had opened it. The tension relaxed, she felt she was going to swoon. Blindly she groped for her shoes, murmuring, "O God, not yet—not yet! Give me a moment more!" Finding her footgear at last she dared not wait to put them on, but stole softly down the stair, steadying herself against the wall. The cool air outside struck her like the blessing of God and soothed her whirling head. She heard a horse clamping his bit, then a whisper came out of the darkness:

"Is that you at last, madam?"

"Yes," she said, sinking on the doorstep and leaning her head against the lintel, the cold stone grateful to her hot forehead.

"You are not hurt, madam?" inquired the man anxiously.

"No, no," she gasped, then, with an eddying little laugh, "I want to put on my shoes, that's all."

CHAPTER XXV.

THE word for tonight is "Broughton." The innkeeper whispered, then took her horse by the bridle and led him down the street. The girl became aware that the town was alive with unseen men, for at every corner the innkeeper breathed the word "Broughton" to some one who had challenged his progress. She realized then that Cromwell had surrounded Armstrong with a ring of flesh, a living clasp, as her own wrist had been circled earlier in the night. At last they came suddenly from the shadow of the houses into the open country, and the night seemed lighter.

"Straight on for about a league," said the innkeeper. "You will be challenged by a sentinel before you reach the castle, and he will lead you there. Remember that the word, going and returning, is 'Broughton.'"

In spite of herself the girl experienced that exhilaration which comes of the air, the freshness of the country and the movement of a spirited horse. Through the night she galloped until her horse suddenly placed his fore feet rigid and came to a stop so abrupt that the shock nearly unseated her.

"Who goes?" came the sharp challenge from under the trees that overshadowed the highway.

"Broughton," she answered automatically.

"Are you the woman from Banbury?"

"Yes."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE.)

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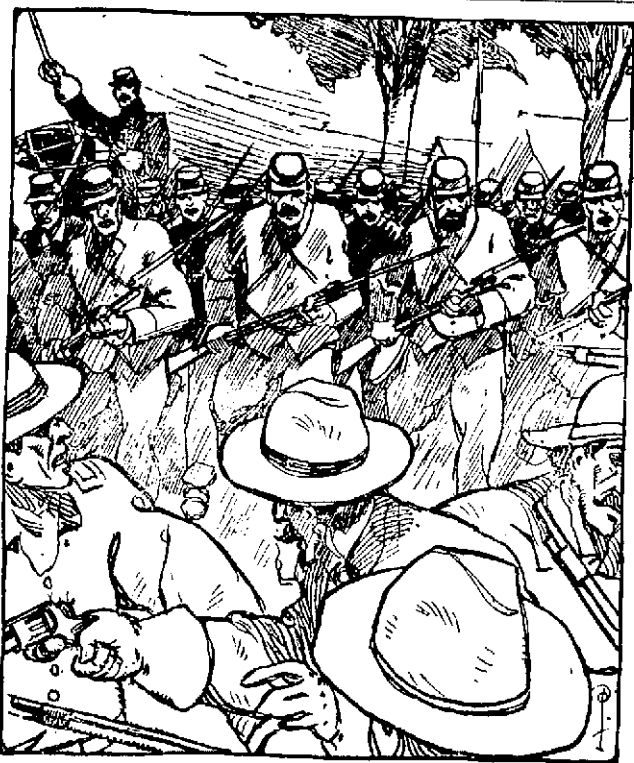
A FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY WAR STORY

November 20, 1864

(Copyright, 1904, by G. L. Kilmer.)

TWO features of the battle fought at Franklin, Tenn., Nov. 30, 1864, placed it among the brilliant and bloody contests of the time—namely, the fiery charge of General Patrick Cleburne's Confederate division and the fierce countercharge of General Emerson Opdycke's Federal brigade—and there was something unusual on foot acting as spurs to martial valor. The Confederate General J. B. Hood had entered upon the march from Columbia toward Nashville in hopes of surprising the defenders of middle Tennessee, and General J. M. Schofield, with an inferior force of Federals placed across the Confederate front, had impeded the march. Only the day before Hood had almost surrounded Schofield at Spring Hill, but owing, as he asserted, to the slowness of his subordinate generals in attack-

ance, broke for the rear they followed at their heels, shooting down and capturing hundreds and crying out to one another, "Go into the works and take them!" More like wild men than soldiers, Cleburne's excited followers dashed over the half mile that lay between the captured outer line and the stronghold on the pike. The astonished defenders of the second line dared not fire upon the assailants for fear of hitting comrades who were either leading Cleburne's men or mingling with them in their mad race. Once at the rear works the onset of Cleburne's men was so impetuous that the soldiers on the parapet were literally run over, and in a few minutes, or before the reserves in the third line comprehended the crisis, Cleburne's banners waved over them, his men occupied a breach the width of a regiment and, intoxicated with triumph, were dashing



ing the enemy had slipped out of the trap in the night and by a forced march reached Franklin, on the south bank of the Harpeth river.

At Franklin Schofield halted his columns on the southern border of the town, where a line of slight intrenchments was hastily constructed, and the weary soldiers lay down on their arms to enjoy a brief rest while the long army trains were crossing to a safer position north of the stream. The troops of Schofield's Twenty-third corps, commanded by General J. D. Cox, occupied the main line of works, which extended across the Columbia and Nashville pike, along which Hood was marching in active pursuit.

The extremities of the works rested on the river bank above and below the town, and the only break in the line was at the point where the pike ran through. There a gap had been left in order to accommodate the trains and artillery as well as the brigades bringing up the rear. These latter, three in number, belonged to General D. M. Stanley's Twenty-fourth corps and constituted Wagner's division. Stanley crossed to the north bank of the Harpeth with Wood's division of his corps, leaving Wagner to handle the rear guard. Of the three brigades in Wagner's division two, Conrad's and Lane's, were halted by General Cox's order on a knoll half a mile in front of the general line and covering the gap in the works at the pike. Wagner's Third brigade, led by General Emerson Opdycke, filed through the gap into the works at Franklin, and the men rested in reserve behind Cox's own division, close to the pike.

When the Confederate lines were forming for the attack Cleburne's division held the right and rested on the pike confronted by the Federal works and troops already described. Hood stated to his subordinates that he desired that the enemy be driven into the Harpeth river at all hazards, and, anticipating hot work, Cleburne asked permission to form his division into three lines of one brigade each. Hood granted the request, although General Stewart's corps of his army had not come up and his line was shorter than he desired.

Cleburne's division advanced along the Columbia pike, which bisected the Union line near the center, the most hazardous point to attack, the works being the heaviest and the best manned with troops and cannon. There were thirty-eight Union guns in the works and in reserve in or near the pike. In the center, the first opposition to Cleburne's assault was made by the brigades of Lane and Conrad of Wagner's division. These troops had strengthened their position on the knoll by constructing slight breastworks. The only signal to warn them of the attack was the sudden bursting into view of a long line of Confederates moving rapidly in perfect order, with banners waving and bayonets glistening in the bright rays of the setting sun.

With a yell, Cleburne's men rushed into the works, and when the defenders, after a brave but useless resist-

ance, broke for the rear they followed at their heels, shooting down and capturing hundreds and crying out to one another, "Go into the works and take them!" More like wild men than soldiers, Cleburne's excited followers dashed over the half mile that lay between the captured outer line and the stronghold on the pike. The astonished defenders of the second line dared not fire upon the assailants for fear of hitting comrades who were either leading Cleburne's men or mingling with them in their mad race. Once at the rear works the onset of Cleburne's men was so impetuous that the soldiers on the parapet were literally run over, and in a few minutes, or before the reserves in the third line comprehended the crisis, Cleburne's banners waved over them, his men occupied a breach the width of a regiment and, intoxicated with triumph, were dashing

ahead along the pike to pounce upon the reserves.

Meanwhile Opdycke's soldiers, unmindful of the affairs at the extreme front, had been taking the breathing spell richly earned by serving as rear guard on the march that day.

Opdycke had no orders except to remain his troops. The soldiers were getting ready their suppers or munching raw rations when the breastworks they had just marched past were carried by a lightning rush of the Confederates, who then were at their heels. The men instinctively threw down their handfuls of bread and pork and took up their weapons.

The moment the men in gray were seen swarming and shooting on the line where they had no business to be Opdycke's commands rang out as calmly and clear cut as though he had rehearsed them, though surely no such combination of orders had ever been called for theretofore. "First brigade, fall in! Charge bayonets! Double quick!" were the words. Then for an hour in that narrow space raged the hottest open field and breastworks struggle of the war.

The Confederates on the right and left of Cleburne's column, catching up the advantage gained by his thundering blows, joined in the assault to drive the wedge home. Stewart's isolated corps, having come up after Cleburne formed his line, found the space too narrow between the pike and river to accommodate its brigades, and these surged to the left, following in Cleburne's footsteps and fighting over the same ground. Federal officers in the works near the pike counted thirty separate and distinct Confederate assaults on their front. Five Confederate generals, including Cleburne, were killed and eight severely wounded in close contact with the Union works.

But not generals alone bore off the honors for valor on the field of Franklin. Soldiers, too, with their leaders in reckless exposure of their lives. Often rival flags floated side by side on the same parapet, and their bearers or defenders fought around them with clubbed rifles and with bayonets used as rapiers. The Seventy-second Illinois regiment of Wagner's division was nearly wiped out, every field officer, its color guard, consisting of a sergeant and eight corporals, and 150 men being shot down. The Forty-fourth Missouri (Federal), lying next to the gap where the first break occurred, changed front under fire and maintained its ground, with a loss of thirty-four killed and thirty-seven wounded. The courage on the Confederate side was still more terrible. Schofield held his ground and at night crossed the river unopposed by Hood's shattered army. GEORGE L. KILMER.

Awaiting Re-enforcements.

"He doesn't seem eager to begin the battle of life."

"I think he is waiting to be re-

enforced by a rich father-in-law."—New York Press.

The Nerve of Them.

Mrs. Newlyriche—"Well, of all the

impudence!"

Mr. Newlyriche—"What is it, Han-

nah?"

Mrs. Newlyriche—"Them poor first

cousins of yours have gone and got

themselves the same identical sneezers

that you've got."—Puck.

The fool and his money a re the hope

of Wall street.—Schoolmaster.

Not Very Often.

"You officeholders," sneered the man

who was vainly trying to be one, "don't

do very often, do you?"

"No," replied the man who was one

as he smiled benignly, "only once."

OVER THE BORDER.

CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.

"This is Broughton coming. I will lead your horse."

They descended a slight depression and came to a drawbridge, passed under an arch in the wall, then across a level lawn, on the farther side of which stood the broad eastern front of the castle with its numerous multioned windows, a mysterious half light in the horizon playing on the blank panes, which recalled the staring open eyes of a blind man. The house seemed high and somber, with no sign of light within. The sentinel beat against the door, and it was opened at once. Muffled as had been the knocking on the oak, it awoke the alert general, for when Frances had dismounted and followed her guide into the ample hall, a candle in his hand.

"Come up," he commanded, and as she ascended the stair cried impatiently, "Well!"

"There is the king's commission," she said quietly, presenting the document to him. He took it without a word, turned and entered the room, she following him. He placed the candle on a table, did not take the time to untie the silk cord that bound the royal communication, but ripped it asunder and spread open the crinkling parchment, holding it up to the light. He read it through to the end, then, casting it contemptuously on the table, said:

"Wench, you have done well. Would you were a man."

"The pardon for my brother, sir, if it please you."

"It is ready, and the commission as captain also. You see I trusted you."

"So did another, and through his faith he now lies undone in Banbury."

"You have not killed him?" cried

Cromwell sharply, looking with something almost like alarm at the uneasy apparition. All beauty had deserted her, and her face seemed pinched and small, white as the parchment on the table, and rendered unearthly in its hue by the mass of cavern black hair.

"Killed him? No! But I have killed

his faith in woman, cozened him, lied to him, robbed him, to buy from you, with the name of your Maker on your lips, a life that you know was not forfeited, but which you had the power to destroy."

"Ah, yes, yes, yes! I remember your tongue of old, but it may wax bar-

renous now, for all of me. His life was forfeited. Aye, and this Scot's as well. But no matter now."

He threw before her the pardon for her brother and his commission as captain, then strode out of the room to the head of the stair again, and she heard his strenuous voice:

"Ride at once to the commandant at Banbury. Tell him the Scot goes free. Tell him to send word north and see that he is not molested, but should he turn in his tracks and attempt to reach Oxford again, hold him and send word to me."

"Yes, excellency."

"Send up a stoup of wine."

He waited at the stair head until the wine was brought, then took it into the room and placed it on the table before her.

"Drink," he said.

"I cannot," she cried.

"Drink!" he roared, bringing his clinched fist down on the oaken table with a force that made the very room quiver. The word had all the brutal coarseness of an oath, and it beat down her weak resolution as the storm levels the sapling. She drank deep, then let the flagon drop, raised her hands to her face and burst into a helpless wall of weeping.

"There, there," he said in tones not unkindly, "do not distress yourself. You are a brave wench, and the wine will do you good, though you take it as it were a leech's draft. You will rest here in Broughton."

"No, no," sobbed the girl. "I must at once to Banbury. Give me, I beg of you, a pass for my servant to the county of Durham. I would send him on to my brother without delay, so that your release may reach him as soon as may be."

"But you—you do not purpose truly

elling further with this Scot?"

"I have done the crime. I must not shrink the punishment."

"Tut, tut! This is woman's talk. There is no punishment. He dare not place a hand on you. You may have an escort of twenty men, who will see you safe for all the Scots that ever depredated their neighbors."

"My punishment will take the shape of no harshness from him. It will come to me when I see his face, knowing me a thief in the night. This punishment is with me now and will be with me always."

"Woman, I do not like your bearing, touching what you have done. You did your duty by your country. God aiding you. Neither do I like your attitude toward this meddler in affairs of state. What is your relationship to him?"

"Merely that of the highwayman toward his victim."

"Sharp words again, hollow sound-

ing brass and tinkling of cymbals. I ask you if there has been any foolish talk between you?"

"If 'twas so, 'tis not an affair of state, and I shall follow the example of General Cromwell and allow no meddlers in it."

A wry smile came to the lips of her questioner, and he remarked dryly:

"I told you the wine would do you good."

He sat down by the table and wrote the pass for John, the servant, tying the three papers together with the discarded silk cord that had wrapped the parchment of the king. Giving her the package, he accompanied her to the head of the stair and stood there while she descended.

She completed her descent, passed outside without looking back and mounted the horse, which a soldier was holding for her. The birds were twittering in the trees and the still water of the moat lay like molten silver in the new light. She rode up the acclivity, then galloped for Banbury, reaching the town before any one was awar.

The streets were entirely deserted, Cromwell's command having cleared them, and the invisible guards of a few

hours before, whom the magic pass-word still, seemed as nonexistent as if they had been phantoms of a vision. The sleepy innkeeper received the horse, and she crept up the stair of old John's room and knocked upon it until he responded. She gave him his pass and the two documents for her brother as soon as he got his breakfast, making what haste he could to Warburton park. He was to tell her brother that she was well and would follow shortly. Then she went to her own room, threw herself on the bed, dressed as she was, and, certain she would never enjoy innocent sleep again, slept instantly.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Rapid Spread of Plants.

It is marvelous how rapidly some plants will spread themselves over wide stretches of land. The writer was struck with the way in which the yellow charlock took possession of the line when the Meon Valley railway was being made. The very next spring after the embankments were thrown up their sides were clothed with this rampant and conspicuous crucifer. A line of yellow across the country marked in many places the course of the railway. Poppies, too, for some unknown reason, will occasionally appear in strange and wonderful profusion. The striking instance related by Lord Macaulay may be quoted by way of illustration. After the battle of Landen the ground, he tells us, "during many months was strewn with skulls and bones of men and horses and with fragments of hats and shoes, saddles and holsters. The next summer the soil, fertilized by 20,000 corpses, broke forth into millions of poppies. The traveler who, on the road from St. Tron to Trillemont, saw that vast sheet of rich scarlet spreading from Landen to Neervinder could hardly help fancying that the figurative prediction of the Hebrew prophet was literally accomplished—that the earth was disclosing her blood and refusing to cover the stain."—Longman's Magazine.

A Zuni Baby.

The Zuni child spends his early days in a cradle. But a cradle in Zuni land does not mean down pillows, silken coverlets and fluffy laces: it is only a flat board, just the length of the baby, with a hood like a doll's buggy top over the head. Upon this hard bed the baby is bound like a mummy, the coverings wound round and round him until the little fellow cannot move except to open his mouth and eyes. Sometimes he is unrolled and looks out into the bare whitewashed room, blinks at the fire burning on the hearth and fixes his eyes earnestly on the wolf and cougar skins that serve as chairs and beds and carpets in the Zuni home. By the time he is two or three years old he has grown into a plump little bronze creature, with the straightest of coarse black hair and the biggest and roundest of black eyes. He is now out of the cradle and trots about the house and the village. When the weather is bad he wears a small coarse shirt and always a necklace of beads or turquoise. —St. Nicholas.

A Thousand Ways of Lying.

There are a thousand ways of lying, but all lead to the same end. It does not matter whether you wear lies, tell lies, act lies or live lies, your character is ruined all the same. There is no more demoralizing influence in modern life than the unnatural straining to seem other than we are. Nothing else so quickly lowers self respect, takes the fine edge off honor and blunts the conscience as the sense of being a sham, a gilded fraud or an untruthful. It cheapens standards, lowers ideals, saps ambition and takes the spring and joy out of living. No man can make the most and the best of himself until he is absolutely honest with his own soul and unflinchingly true to his highest ideals, and this is impossible while he is living a lie.—Success.

The Moorish Woman at Home.

When not fixed up for visitors the Moorish woman is always on disabillie, lounging about all day in a loose cotton or muslin nightgown, rose or yellow being her favorite shade, her bare feet thrust into slippers very much down at the heel and a flower stuck in her wisp of uncombed hair, which, from a continual use of henna dye, is apt to break out in patches of yellow, green or gray. Hairbrushes are unknown, a very coarse comb alone being used, which may account for the fact that the hair is never glossy or well kept. She has a devouring passion for paints, powders and perfumes, attar of roses and sandalwood being in special demand.—Pittman.

A Tree Distillery.

On the Canary Islands grows a fountain tree, a tree most needed in some parts of the islands. It is said that the leaves constantly distill a quantity of water that is sufficient to furnish drink to every living creature in Hiero, nature having provided this remedy for the drought of the island. Every morning near this part of the island a cloud of mist arises from the sea, which the winds force against the steep cliff on which this tree grows, and it is from the mist that the tree distills the water.

Proved It.

"My wife will bear witness," said the prisoner at the bar, "that at the very time I am accused of garbargizing Mr. Smith's premises I was engaged in walking the floor with my infant child in my arms, endeavoring to soothe it by singing 'Rock-a-by, Baby.'"

"The prisoner is discharged," remarked his honor. "He can prove a lullaby."

Waiting Instead of Going.

The art in life is to sit still and to let things come toward you, not to go after them or even to think that they are in flight. How often I have chased some dim shadow through a whole day till evening, when, going home turned, I have found the visitor just stirring away from my closed door.—Arthur Symonds in Saturday Review.

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NORTH SEA HITCH

Russia Objects to English Text of the Convention

THE QUESTION OF BLAME

Exception Is Taken to Phraseology Which Practically Throws it Upon Russian Ships

Crisis Reached at Port Arthur

London, Nov. 18.—It is unlikely that any serious breach will result from Russia's reported objection to certain terms in the English text of the North sea inquiry convention. There are undoubtedly two drafts of the convention, one of them being in French, and the hitch over the English phraseology may concern a mere question of expression, not raising any essential difficulty between the two powers.

Any appearance of a pledge on the part of Russia to punish such officers of the Baltic fleet as the commission may hold guilty of gross carelessness will be objected to by the St. Petersburg government.

Demand for the punishment of officials as part of a diplomatic settlement are familiar to the dealings of the powers with Turkey and China, but granting of them is inconsistent with the dignity of a first-class power.

If the North sea commission finds facts from which the inference of Russian negligence is unavoidable, or if in their report they state such an inference as justified, Great Britain will have grounds for further diplomatic movement, while Russia would be morally bound to some sort of corrective action. She might conceivably do all that Britain could reasonably ask, while at the same time steadily refusing any formal assent to the principle of foreign interference in her internal affairs.

A dispatch from St. Petersburg has this to say of the situation:

Russia provisionally accepted the text of the convention in English as submitted by Great Britain, but when it was translated exception was taken to the phraseology, particularly to the portion referring to the determination of the question of blame, Russia contending that the context did not clearly raise the question of any blame which might attach to the other side. Exception was also taken to the language relating to the firing upon the fishermen, which, as worded, left the impression that the Russian ships knowingly fired upon them. Consequently, Russia prepared an entirely new text in French, which was submitted, but was rejected by Great Britain. Then, after some exchanges, in which French assistance was acknowledged, an arrangement was reached that each side submit new texts from which no difficulty is anticipated in reaching a final conclusion.

One of the points agreed to is a preamble wherein the procedure is described, but more important is a proposition for a supplementary article which will lay down the procedure of this convention and for any inquiries of a kindred nature the necessity for which may arise in the future between the two countries.

The convention therefore promises to mark an important step in the relations between the two countries, creating through The Hague convention a sort of permanent arrangement for resolving similar misunderstandings in the future.

EXTREMELY CRITICAL

Consul General Fowler's Report on Conditions at Port Arthur

Washington, Nov. 18.—Consul General Fowler has cabled the state department from Cooftoo that the situation at Port Arthur is extremely critical, the outer forts having fallen into the possession of the Japanese. He also states that three Japanese torpedo boat destroyers are lying outside of Cooftoo harbor and that the Russian crew of the torpedo boat destroyer destroyed on Wednesday are transferring their arms and supplies to a Chinese cruiser which is posted in front of the Russian consulate.

London, Nov. 18.—The fact that the Russian torpedo boat destroyer, Lus toropoy, which arrived at Cooftoo Wednesday, left Port Arthur much later than the date of General Stoessels published report, which relates nothing later than Nov. 3, is regarded as significant. Apparently, however, Tokio has not yet received as late news as is contained in the report of American Consul General Fowler at Cooftoo, which has been transmitted to the state department at Washington.

Special dispatches from Tientsin report a heavy bombardment of Port Arthur as late as Nov. 12 and nighty sorties by small parties of Russians, who lose heavily by bayonet fights. These reports give no reliable details, but concur in the statements that guns are wearing out and that the Russian ammunition is becoming scarce.

The Daily Telegraph's Tientsin correspondent says he has received a report that the Japanese have suddenly advanced in the direction of Mukden, from which place they are now only 12 miles distant.

Reinforcements for Japanese

Mukden, Nov. 18.—It is reported that 80,000 Japanese troops have been landed at Newchang and 80,000 others at Pitsewo and that a turning movement on the Russian right is expected.

Obstinate Clerk Dismissed

Washington, Nov. 16.—John B. Brownlow, a clerk in the postoffice department who acted as disbursing officer of the department at the St. Louis exposition, has been dismissed from the service by order of the president. Brownlow was charged with impertinence and insubordination, and as he declined to withdraw his offensive language, his dismissal followed.

PANAMA IS EXCITED

New Republic Was on the Verge of a Revolution

Panama, Nov. 18.—The treaty between the United States and Panama has prevented one more revolution on the isthmus. The rumored coup d'état by the military elements, it seems, was more serious than it was at first thought to be.

Minister Barrett, after a consultation with the Panamanian government and General Davis, commander of the United States Pacific squadron here to prevent any possible disturbance. Two hundred marines from Empire camp arrived here yesterday.

General Huertas, the minister of war, has announced his intention to resign, which will clear the political atmosphere. Though disturbances are not feared, in the present circumstances Panama is greatly excited.

Alliance Against Shoplifters

New York, Nov. 18.—Losses of \$500,000 through shoplifting have been suffered during the past year by 21 department stores in this city, whose proprietors, because of such losses, have formed an alliance to fight petty pilfering. The fact that such an alliance had been formed came out when a woman was given a 15-day sentence after having pleaded guilty to a charge of stealing goods valued at \$5.04 from a department store.

No Tariff Talk in Message

Washington, Nov. 18.—While the president has considered with members of his cabinet and with some members of congress the subject of revision of the tariff, it can be said authoritatively that he will not discuss the subject in his message. No decision in regard to the matter will be reached until the president has had opportunity thoroughly to discuss the subject with members of congress generally.

Alaskan Officials Removed

Washington, Nov. 17.—President Roosevelt has removed from office Frank H. Richards, United States marshal for the Nome district in Alaska, and has requested the resignation of Judges Alfred J. Moore of the Nome district and Melville C. Brown of the Juneau district. This action is the result of the investigation of the Alaska judiciary made recently by Assistant Attorney General Day.

Fatal Hunting Accident

Chicopee, Mass., Nov. 15.—William Lapointe of this city, 17 years old, was shot and instantly killed by his chum, Charles Parmentier, while on a hunting expedition. Parmentier tripped over a root and accidentally discharged his shotgun into the back of his friend. He carried his dead chum's body two miles on his back and arrived at the victim's home almost out of his mind.

Revolutionary Patriot Honored

Taunton, Mass., Nov. 16.—A statue of Robert Treat Paine, signer of the Declaration of Independence, who was a resident of Taunton, was unveiled here. The memorial is in the form of a bronze statue of heroic size, standing on a granite pedestal. It was erected at a cost of \$10,000 by local historical and patriotic societies, with the co-operation of the city.

Tariff Occupies Attention

Washington, Nov. 17.—Discussion of possible revision of the tariff occupied some of the time of the president yesterday. Among those who talked to the president on the subject were Representative Payne of New York, chairman of the house ways and means committee, and Representative McCleary of Minnesota.

Not a Breeding Place for Bacteria

New York, Nov. 18.—In a preliminary report regarding the air conditions in the subway, Professor Clouder declares that the air there contains very little less oxygen than the outer air, and is as pure as the air in most houses. Whatever bacteria may be found in the tunnel will be only such as are found in the outer air.

What Douglas Spent in Campaign

Brockton, Mass., Nov. 16.—Governor-elect Douglas has filed with the secretary of state a statement certifying that on Sept. 23 Douglas gave to the Democratic state central committee \$84,500 for the purpose of conducting his campaign. Mr. Douglas says that he had no other expenses.

Wireless Station Benefits

Washington, Nov. 18.—The navy department has authorized the commanding officer at the torpedo station at Newport to accept dispatches to and from ships at sea by way of the Nantucket lightship. Orders are being prepared opening to commercial business several naval coast wireless telegraph stations.

Eight Students Have Smallpox

Ann Arbor, Mich., Nov. 16.—The University of Michigan health officials declare that the smallpox epidemic has passed the danger stage. Since the eighth case was discovered yesterday, no more have appeared.

Mellor Breaks Running Record

Hamilton, Ont., Nov. 18.—The annual road race here was won by Samuel Mellor of Yorkers, N. Y., who ran the distance, 19 miles, 108 yards, in 1:48:43, lowering the record by 3 seconds.

Old Troubles Renewed

Salonica, Nov. 17.—A battalion of troops from Albania has been ordered to proceed in haste to Vodina, 46 miles northwest of Salonica, where serious disorders are reported.

The commemoration of the 100th anniversary of the founding of the Methodist church at Lunenburg, Mass., is being celebrated in an elaborate manner.

Wilfred Huard, 11 years old, was drowned at Keene, N. H., while skating on this ice.

Gilbert E. Hood, aged 80, died of pneumonia at Lawrence, Mass. He was widely known in banking circles.

FOR CONTRACTS

Furniture Teamsters Strike Because Plan Is Rejected

RIOTS QUICKLY STARTED

Chicago Threatened With One of Most Bitter Labor Fights in Recent Years—May Soon Involve Many Organizations

Chicago, Nov. 18.—If the determination of the leaders in the strike of the furniture teamsters' strike is carried out, one of the bitterest fights that has taken place in recent years in the local labor world is predicted. Twenty-three teamsters went out yesterday, 120 more have been called out for today and other teamsters may be called out for a sympathetic strike.

The strike opened with rioting and fighting in the streets and more rioting is predicted, as the furniture dealers say that they will continue to make deliveries with non-union drivers and it is expected that the wagons will be attacked as soon as they appear in the streets, even though guarded by the police.

A mob of sympathizers with striking furniture movers attacked the drivers of several wagons of the Johnston Chair company in the heart of the business district and for a time traffic was blocked by a mass of struggling rioters. The police reserves were called to disperse the crowd.

Similar trouble occurred when two wagons loaded with chairs drove up to the Sherman street entrance to the Board of Trade building. A crowd of over 1000 persons followed the wagons, which were under police guard, and many threats were made at the non-union drivers. Operators, clerks and messengers gathered upon window ledges of the Board of Trade and surrounding buildings, threw corn upon the crowd and increased the confusion by yelling continuously. The cornthrowers were finally dislodged by the police.

Secretary Reed of the Teamsters' joint union said last night: "All the teamsters who are now out and who will be called out today are teamsters working for members of the Chicago Employers' association, but unless we obtain our demands the strike will be carried beyond members of the Chicago Employers' association, and is likely to take in many labor organizations."

Frederick W. Job, who is manager of the Chicago Employers' association, said last night: "It looks as if this strike would spread, and we will fight it to a finish."

The point at issue with the furniture drivers is the refusal of the employers to sign contracts with them. There is no question of wages involved.

Bates Is Out of Politics

Boston, Nov. 16.—According to a close friend of Governor Bates, the governor will not accept a cabinet position or an ambassadorship, or any other federal office, but will devote his entire time to the practice of law. Since the election, reports have emanated from Republican sources that Bates would be "taken care of by the administration" and that he could have anything in the gift of the president.

Town Loses Its Only Hotel

Barnardston, Mass., Nov. 14.—The New England house, the only hotel in this town, and an adjoining livery stable were burned last night. The loss is \$20,000. The fire is supposed to have started in the livery stable. Ten people were asleep in the house when the fire broke out, but all escaped without injury. The hotel was 130 years old and owned by Ransom E. Reed.

Japanese Prince in Washington

Washington, Nov. 15.—Prince Fushimi, the adopted brother of the Emperor of Japan, arrived in Washington last evening and assumed for the first time since his arrival in this country his official personality as a prince of the royal house of Japan. The prince and party were driven to the Arlington hotel, where they will stay while in Washington.

Missionary Budget \$1,537,000

Boston, Nov. 16.—The general missionary committee of the Methodist Episcopal church, which has been in annual session here for the last week, adjourned last evening. A total of nearly \$1,537,000 was appropriated to mission work carried on in 39 foreign countries and in 16 languages in the United States.

Parker to Practice in Gotham

New York, Nov. 17.—Alton B. Parker has opened a law office in the building at 32 Liberty street in this city. He announced that he had become a resident of this city. He said that he had not entered into partnership with any one and would practice law alone.

Platt's Big Pumpkin Pie

Waverly, N. Y., Nov. 15.—A pumpkin pie five feet long and three feet wide was presented to Senator Platt by Republican friends in Waverly. The pie weighs 200 pounds and was served at the buckwheat breakfast which Senator Platt gave today.

Treasury Chief a Suicide

Washington, Nov. 16.—Albert Relyea, a chief of division in the office of the treasurer of the United States, committed suicide by shooting in the head while at his desk. Relyea was chief of the redemption division.

Pardon for "Diamond Queen"

Atlanta, Nov. 18.—On the promise of reform, Governor Terrell has issued a pardon of Mamie de Cris, known in police circles as the "diamond queen," who attained notoriety by being flogged by the warden of the state farm for insubordination. Her term of two years would have expired next Monday.

NO EVIDENT CHANGE

Fall River Men Not of One Mind as to the Future

Fall River, Mass., Nov. 18.—The mill men claim gain in the number of help, but in net results it is believed that there are but few more at work throughout the city than there were on Monday. There seems to be yet a division of sentiment among the manufacturers as to the future. Some have signified a willingness to shut down at once and remain closed until the help have made overtures to return. Others favor a continuance in the hope that the operatives will take advantage of the opportunity to return to work before winter sets in.

There has been no news from President Golden of the United Textile Workers, who is representing the strikers at the American Federation of Labor, and the manufacturers believe that if the men find that the attempt to secure aid from this quarter has failed they will realize that further resistance is futile.

In the district court Woyceck Skiva, a Pole, was fined \$30 for stone throwing at the Pocasset mill. John Ryones, a boy, charged with a similar offense at the Sagamore mill, pleaded not guilty and his case was continued.

A \$600,000 Fire at Boston

Boston, Nov. 18.—The long pier shed of the Warren line, filled with oil, wood pulp, and other highly inflammable material, was consumed by fire last night, and it was only by the utmost exertion that the firemen were able to save adjoining property. An off-shore breeze saved the other property, as the fire was quite close to the White Star dock on one side and a large grain elevator on the other. The loss is \$600,000.

Sunken Schooner Raised

Gloucester, Mass., Nov. 18.—Schooner Adonipolis, which went ashore during last Sunday's severe gale on Dogbar breakwater, and washed over the jetty and sunk, has been raised by lighters. She will be beached in this harbor and an examination made as to the extent of her injuries. She was bound from Perth Amboy for Rockland, Me., with a cargo of coal.

Three Lives Lost in Storm

Machias, Me., Nov. 17.—That three residents of Hogue Bluffs lost their lives in the storm Sunday night seems certain. The gasoline auxiliary fishing schooner Uneas was found sunk near Spruce island, five miles from Hogue Bluffs. Her crew consisted of the owner, Captain John Wallace, Walter Davis and an unknown man.

Commissioner Stays in Office

Boston, Nov. 18.—Salem D. Charles, street commissioner in this city, was renominated by the Democratic party at the municipal primaries, defeating James H. Doyle, chairman of the board of aldermen, his rival for the street commissionership, by a plurality of about 5000. An unusually light vote was polled.

Schooner Landed on Rocks

Rockport, Mass., Nov. 17.—While attempting to run into the harbor last night the fishing schooner General Hancock of Rockland, Me., ran on the rocks and will be a total loss. The crew of four men reached shore through the high surf by going hand over hand over a rope thrown to them from the rocks.

Macedonians Facing Death

Boston, Nov. 18.—The American Board of Missions has received a cablegram from W. W. Peet, its treasurer at Constantinople, announcing that the people in the vicinity of Andranople, in Macedonia, are suffering terrible distress, death by freezing and starvation staring them in the face.

Bullet Through His Temple

Wellesley, Mass., Nov. 18.—Lying face downward near Morris pond, the body of an unknown man, with a bullet hole in his temple, was found last evening. The police have been unsuccessful in their endeavors to identify the man, nor can they obtain evidence to explain the deed.

Aid for Striking Brethren

New Bedford, Mass., Nov. 18.—At a meeting of the Weavers' union last night it was voted to contribute \$1000 to the Fall River strikers. This is in addition to the regular contribution of \$175 a week and the total aid given by the local union now amounts to more than \$3000.

Rhody's Old Home Week

Providence, Nov. 17.—The Rhode Island house of representatives passed a bill establishing an Old Home Week in this state, the week beginning on the last Sunday of August in each year. The bill thereby becomes a law, it being passed in concurrence with the senate.

Scarlet Fever Closes Schools

Nashua, N. H., Nov. 16.—Because of an epidemic of scarlet fever in this city many of the lower grade schoolrooms have been closed indefinitely. Many cases of the disease were discovered three weeks ago and it has been spreading rapidly since that time.

Slipped and Cut His Throat

Fitchburg, Mass., Nov. 17.—Slipping on the iron step at the entrance of a store here, Frank W. Anderson, 19 years old, cut a long gash in his throat and severed the jugular vein and the large muscle of the neck. He died in a short time.

Murder Indictment Returned

Lancaster, N. H., Nov. 18.—The grand jury has brought in an indictment against John D. Green for the murder of Mrs. Mary Lockhart in Dover, on July 23, 1904.

Youthful Murderer Hanged

Wethersfield, Conn., Nov. 17.—Joseph Watson, a negro, 18 years old, who murdered Henry Osborn of Hartford last August, paid the penalty for his crime this morning when he was put to death by hanging on the gallows in the state prison. The drop was sprung at 12:08 and 12:15 Dr. Fox, the prison physician, declared him dead.

Industrial

Trust Company.

Capital - - - \$1,500,000

Surplus and Profits \$1,500,000

Participation or Savings Account.

Moneys deposited on or before November 15th draw interest from November 1st. Dividends February and August. The rate of interest at present paid upon this account is FOUR per cent.

The security given is the entire capital and surplus of the company in addition to the invested funds of its depositors.

Office with Newport Trust Co.,

303 Thames Street.

J. Truman Burdick, President.

T. A. Luntton, Vice President.

Grant P. Taylor, Treasurer.

H. G. Wilkes, Asst. Treasurer.

W. H. Hummelt, Secretary.

SAVINGS BANK OF NEWPORT.

Incorporated A. D. 1819.

NEWPORT, R. I.

NOTICE!

Under the provisions of the Act of the General Assembly passed at the January Session 1898 amending the charter of this bank NOTICE is hereby given that in July next this bank will pay in dividends upon all deposits of two thousand dollars or less at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum and upon all in the excess of two thousand dollars at the rate of 3 1/2 per cent. per annum.

All deposits for charitable purposes will be entitled to the higher rate of interest.

Newport, R. I., April 22d, 1904—3-14-104

G. P. TAYLOR, Treasurer.

Old Colony Street Railway Co

(ILLUMINATING DEPT.)

Electric Lighting. Electric Power.

Residences and Stores Furnished with

Electricity at lowest rates.

Electric Supplies. Fixtures and Shades.

449 to 455 THAMES STREET, NEWPORT, R. I.

PURE CALIFORNIA HONEY,
Hecker's Buckwheat,
AUNT JEMIMA'S PANCAKE FLOUR,
Karo Corn Syrup.

If you are satisfied with the Coffee you are using don't try our

LAKE'S CORNER BRAND.

S. S. THOMPSON,

174 to 176 BROADWAY.

Great Millinery
SATURDAY SALE at
SCHREIER'S,

143 THAMES STREET.

QUICK SALES OUR MOTTO.

TRIMMED HATS, \$1.50 UP.

Ready to Wear Hats,

Choice Line 98 Cents.

GREAT LINE BEAVERS,

BEST GOODS ONLY.

A Line of Felt Hats, 10, 19, 39, 48 cts.,

ALL GOOD SHAPES.

FANCY FEATHERS 10 CENTS.

Call at SCHREIER'S for Millinery Bargains.

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HALF PRICE.

Greatest Bargains we have ever offered.

W. C. COZZENS & CO.,

138 Thames Street.

Discharged a Cargo of

Pittston W. A. Stove and Egg.
BRIGHT AND CLEAN.

A Splendid Coal for Winter Use.

This Pittston Coal is highly recommended by our customers as giving satisfaction everywhere. Try a ton and be convinced.

The Gardiner B. Reynolds Co.,

OPPOSITE POST OFFICE.

Telephone No. 222-2 and 222-3.

Petroleum.

Perhaps all the older residents of our country have heard of "Coal Oil Johnny," who figured so prominently some forty years ago when oil was discovered in Pennsylvania. There was a great influx from all over the country of adventurous persons who believed they would become rich in this new industry; for the industry was the sinking of wells for petroleum. "Coal Oil Johnny" was one of those who got fabulously rich, and, in a short time, he cut such a figure in the mercantile world that his name was almost a household word. Many people went on to the field and drilled wells and only a few of the whole struck it rich as a result of their endeavors. It is recorded of a certain person from Southern Rhode Island that he put down a well between two wells that were pumping heavily of oil and was offered something in the hundreds of thousands for the well but would not agree to sell it and in less than twenty-four hours he found it to be a failure and went off and left his tools and machinery on the field. Of course, there were failures as well as successes in this as well as in other enterprises, and many persons made small fortunes in oil and, as we all know, the present gigantic corporation, the Standard Oil Company, is one of the monuments of fortunes made in oil.

The life time of an oil well is sometimes placed at twenty-five years and sometimes at thirty years, this called the average. On the increased demand for this commodity the question arises where shall we get oil enough to supply the market, as in all great questions of demand and supply, and in the proper time other fields were discovered, so that now there is oil harvested in large sections of Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, Texas and Kansas, as well as in the states of Colorado and California. The last-named being probably the greatest field for oil in the great West. There is a vast difference in the quality of oil. Some oil sells at twenty-five cents a barrel, while other oil commands from \$1.00 to \$1.50 per barrel. Some years ago a gentleman, so the story goes, had been drilling for oil in the state of Ohio, and he and his associates had dug five wells or holes in the ground without success, this was a piece of land with an option for purchase. The one who was the most sanguine insisted upon putting down another well and said that he would mortgage anything he had and would go to any length, that was honorable, to do this and he had his way and this well proved to be a very rich one, in oil. His option would run out in a few days, and he would have kept the matter quiet but the drillers got it away and when it got to the ears of the owners of the land they were very pleased and were wishing that he might default and not take up the option, but the Saturday preceding the Monday on which his option would terminate he was able to raise at a late hour the sum needed and was seen leaving from the bank in company with some of the bank people with a smiling countenance. He went to church the next day as usual and enjoyed the sermon. On Monday he started out to see those with whom he was to close the deal, found them with smiling faces, but he did not betray his inner emotions and one bolder than the rest spoke up and said: "I suppose you have come to tell us that you cannot meet the option?" "No, no," he replied, "I have the money," then their countenances fell; he had taken them by surprise. Probably as is the case with others, he was destined to be a millionaire, not them. He went on drilling one well after another until he had something like a hundred wells and now perhaps he is a multi-millionaire.

Owing to the multitudinous calls for oil as a lubricant in the various branches of industries in our great country and of the fact of new machinery and other numberless appliances constantly coming into use and requiring oil in one form or another; the using of oil on the large steamships of the Pacific, as a fuel, and the Hawaiian Islands having a market for 1,000,000 barrels per annum, as well as the using of oil in our great mining industries which illustrates only a few of the great channels for its consumption, the supply has greatly diminished of late, keeping the great oil companies constantly on the alert to know where they can get sufficient oil to supply all of this call, for it is said that there is at present, in the world, sufficient oil for four months in advance of the demand. And the writer understands that the drilling of wells and the harvesting of oil is confined in a great measure to small capitalized companies and individuals while only a small portion of all the wells are directly under the control of the Standard Oil Company, this is certainly encouraging to small operators. There are constant efforts being put forth by various companies to improve their facilities for handling oil economically and quickly. There is at present a movement being made by some of the companies located in the Eastern part of California to put in their own pipelines right through to the coast and thus make them independent of the railroads who have kept them short of oil cars at times and thus curtailed their shipments; and the agent is in the East arranging for capital necessary to put these in operation.

It has been said in a leading California newspaper, devoted to oil interests, that the product will soon bring from \$1.50 to \$3.00 a barrel. This same paper speaks of the oil fields in general, taking in the prominent fields in the middle west the attention of which is being brought to oil men all over the United States. Beaumont, Texas, has had its boom and is still doing business; the Florence oil fields had had nineteen years experience and are producing a fine oil, while the Boulder oil fields some thirty miles north of Denver in the state of Colorado have been before the public mind for three years although no good development work was done probably within some twelve or thirteen months after the field was brought to the notice of the general public. There are now from thirty to thirty-five wells in oil in this section. While the wells are not large producers, and it is said no gushers have come in on this field, yet some who hold large interests in the Florence field some 150 miles south from Denver, are also interested in the Boulder field located and predicted for it a glorious future. It has also been said by the managers of the Oil Well Supply Company of Denver that the progress made in this new field is greater than in the Florence field in the first five years of its existence.

The oil produced in the Boulder field has been pronounced by experts to be unequaled by any produced in the United States. It has been remarked also in an editorial of the Olland Mining Review as the best oil West of the Mississippi; by Mr. Brown of the Oil Well Supply Company, above referred to, as better than any oil that he knew of, and by the manager in charge of the

Florence oil exhibit of the Colorado section in the Mines and Metallurgy building in the St. Louis fair is reported as saying that the Boulder oil was the best in the world.

Prominent among companies doing business there are the Otterloo, Savannah, McKenzies, United Oil Company, The London-Boulder Co., headed by English capitalists, and the Wyoming-Colorado Oil Company. The last named company is composed largely of Newport capitalists and has an office in Boulder, Colorado, with Mr. J. H. Ransom, Field Agent, its efficient superintendent, and a business office, also, with the Secretary of the Company, Mr. Shimon Hazard, in charge, at No. 40 Broadway, Newport, R. I.

The Waters of Life.

It has come to be regarded nowadays as an indisputable fact that the high tension of life in our great modern cities, unless relieved by frequent changes of scene, shortens the natural period of human existence. In most cases of course, when there is no actual breakdown, people are not aware that they are exhausting in fifty or sixty years a physique intended to serve for seventy or eighty. The summer vacation is usually too short a period in which to store up sufficient reserve for a year of brain work and sedentary life but a second one in the winter when it can be obtained, if only extending for a few days at one time, will afford the change of air and scene which is so essential.

Many men who have been kept in the city most of the summer by the exigencies of their business, will refuse to take a holiday in the winter, thinking that there is no resort within their reach where a vacation would be worthy of that name. This is a great mistake. Florida and California may be out of the question, but in Lakewood, New Jersey affords a resort which may be well styled a gem. Offering a complete change of scene, opportunity for physical recreation and social pleasures, a beautiful and charming environment during the winter months, and having a temperature ranging from ten to fifteen degrees warmer than that of New York although within a distance that may be traversed twice a day, permitting one to attend business in the city if necessary, the value of such a retreat to a great class of overworked business men and their families is inestimable. A suggestive booklet on Lakewood has been published by the Central Railroad of New Jersey. It will be sent free to anyone applying to C. M. Hurt, General Passenger Agent, 143 Liberty Street, New York City.

Whistler as a Sign Painter.

Governor Murphy, of New Jersey, told recently at the Annapolis Naval Academy an interesting story about the painter Whistler. "While Whistler was at West Point," he said, "he turned an honest penny now and then by painting portraits and even by painting signs."

"One day a facetious miller asked the young man to make a picture of his mill that he might hang, by way of a sign, over the door. 'Paint the mill,' said the miller, 'just as it is, and paint me at the window, looking out. But I must be in the picture, and so, when any one looks at me, I must pop in my head.'"

"Here the miller laughed heartily. 'Can you paint a picture like that?'"

"To be sure," Whistler answered quietly. "And he painted the mill, leaving out the miller altogether, and then he submitted the picture for approval. 'This is good,' he said, 'but how about me? Where is the miller?'"

"He was at the window," Whistler answered, "but when you looked at him he popped in his head."

Medicinal Value of Cranberries.

The value of the cranberry as a medicinal agent was clearly recognized by our American Aborigines, who used to prepare poultices made from them to extract the venom from wounds made with poisoned arrows, on the same principle as they are now often used as a popular remedy for erysipelas, applied as a poultice or taken internally. Eaten raw, cranberries are also known as an excellent remedy for indigestion and biliousness, as they contain certain acid combinations not found in any other fruit, and they are also valued as the best of tonics and appetizers. Added to these sterling qualities comes the latest certified tribute to efficiency in preventing the grip. One family who has thus far been immune from the prevailing epidemic, cook the cranberries in plenty of water and keep the syrup on hand at all times as a drink. They declare that the acid of the berry is fully as agreeable as lemonade, and most efficacious in preventing bronchial and malarial troubles.

"Doctor," said the beautiful young woman who had become the wife of a rich old man, "tell me the worst. I will be brave and try to bear it."

Leading her gently from her suffering husband's bedside the doctor answered:

"Nerve yourself, then, for a terrible shock. He's going to get well."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"Why don't you ever want to go to a wedding?" snapped Mrs. Ennepek. "I don't believe you've been to a wedding since you attended your own."

"No," mildly responded Mrs. Ennepek. "I haven't. And," he added softly to himself, "I sometimes wish I hadn't attended that one."—Phila. Bulletin.

Maude Lady—It is very good of you, sir, to give me your seat.

Pat O'Brady—Not at all, mum. It's a dooty we owe to the sex. Some folks only do it when a woman is young and pretty; but I says the sex, Pat, and not the individual.—Comic Cuts.

Mrs. Flannery—Mrs. Dooley's been male sick. D'y'e think she will ray-cover?

Mrs. Finnigan—She thinks so. She sez she has youth on her side.

Mrs. Flannery—Faith, it must be 'on the inside, then, fur it don't show.—Phila. Ledger.

Passenger (on ocean liner of the future)—Will you please direct me to my stateroom? It's No. 727.

Clerk—It's about half a mile aft. Take trolley car on starboard promenade.—Chicago Tribune.

Overheard in Boston: Willie—"My father is a Chicago man."

Waldo—"How distressing it must be to have a parent who is unable to answer your questions."—Puck.

Physician—You may take a drink with each meal.

Patent—I don't think it would agree with me to eat as often as that, doctor.

TWO QUEENS

By KEITH GORDON

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It was apparent that their visit to the art museum had nothing to do with art. It was equally plain that their feeling for each other could not be described as platonic. Betina, to be sure, affected unconsciousness as she sauntered through the lofty rooms where the marble figures flashed coldly into view, exciting one to a new love of mere flesh and blood, but all the time she knew that to the man at her side she was queen of the world; also it was evident enough from the look of discontent on the man's face that her loyal subject was not altogether happy.

"Your place is right here on a pedestal along with the other statues," was what he was saying to her. "The trouble with you is, Betty, that you won't listen to your heart. I might as well plead with this marble figure!"

The queen, with well feigned reluctance, brought her glance back from the headless "Victory" that seemed forever on the point of flight to the youth at her side, who was glowering at her with an odd mixture of rebellion and adoration in his face.

"Really, Steve," she replied at last. "I'm ashamed of you. It's not my heart that's at fault; it's your purse. You know that perfectly well." And, with her chin at an angle beautifully eloquent of injured innocence, she pretended to study the sculptured figures about her. In reality she watched him—felt him straining at his chains—with an exultant sense of the charm of being queen.

Her words and glance made him savage. It was hard enough to hear her delay in putting their love affairs on that practical basis which points like an index finger to matrimony, but so long as it had seemed to him an honest hesitation he had borne it with what grace he could summon.

Lips set in an inflexible line, and without a word his hand closed firmly upon her arm, and with more determination than gentleness he guided her to a bench near by.

"Well," she questioned when she had settled herself in a corner of the seat and he had squared himself beside her. In truth, though she strove valiantly to conceal it, the queen was a trifle startled.

Her late obedient subject studied her for some moments in silence and with an expression rather too suggestive of flint to be entirely to the queen's taste. Then he spoke, and his words fell as crisply as icicles.

"It is about time that you understood me," he began at last. "You have played with me long enough. What I have to say now is just this: You may take me or leave me, precisely as you choose, but whichever you do must be done at once."

He paused a moment and then elaborated: "I'm tired of playing the devoted subject, tired of being made to feel that my love is nothing and my lack of wealth everything. I have twelve hundred a year." He paused for a brief moment, conscious of a mad desire to make the matter as bad as possible, then added, "And there is no certainty that I'll ever have more."

Though he would have thrashed cheerfully any man who had dared to make such an assertion about him, to say it to her about himself at this particular moment afforded him a grim satisfaction.

"What I want—what I will have," he continued in a muffled voice without giving her a chance to speak, "is a definite, final answer! And then, before the queen had really caught her breath, he finished in a tone nothing short of command, "And I want it within five minutes!"

For one fleeting moment something like pale dismay showed in the girl's face. She had never counted on a moment like this. Then her eyes kindled royally, and a flush of anger overspread her face.

Almost unconsciously she rose, her companion following her example, and her eyes blazed their resentment into the cold determination of his for a full second before she addressed him.

"You may have your answer this moment!" she flung at him in a tone of dangerous clearness. "I only wonder that I could ever have hesitated! It is 'No'—a thousand times 'No!'"

She noticed, with a cruel delight the sudden, still whiteness that overspread his face as, with an ironical bow, he turned and walked rapidly away. Then a new feeling suddenly clutched at her heart.

Had she not lately been a queen, with a loyal, faithful subject to whom she had turned an ear quite royally indifferent? Had not a revolution occurred in her small domain and a republic been proclaimed? Could she not understand now the sorrows of a Marie Antoinette or a Eugenie?

And so at last the latest of dethroned queens reached her own door trying to philosophize about the matter as, doubtless, her predecessors had before her. After all, it was for the best. She was poor, and Steve was poor—in possessions. But by some freakish operation of the law of compensation both were endowed with tastes of an unmistakable richness.

"Yes, it's all for the best," she said aloud as she closed the door of her room behind her. "It's all!"

The rest was lost in the pillow, for the ex-queen had thrown herself face downward on the bed and was indulging in the plebeian comfort of a good cry.

For days thereafter such interest as she felt in the dull, gray world was centered in the postman and such messenger boys as appeared from time to time in the street in which she lived.

Not that she repented that ringing "No" that she had given Steve on the day of their quarrel—by no means. Her heart, she told herself, was dead. She could not be poor. She would not!

She would never again read old son-

to whom she could render the respect of a daughter—and the bills of a wife. That was all that a girl in her position could do. It was the fault of modern ideas.

It was after she heard about his attentions to the Forsom girl that she wept no more and became markedly indifferent to the coming of the postman. From this time, too, she conscientiously tried to tolerate old Mr. Fullerton and his dowers, the two ever arriving with an alternate regularity that was full of meaning.

She pictured herself as a queen again, and this time with all the outward semblance of one. But, perversely enough, she could not keep Steve conversant out of the scene. If she saw herself rolling down Fifth avenue in the Fullerton vehicle she instantly evoked the image of Steve dishing his hat with cold politeness, while she nodded with the haughty nonchalance of a great lady.

And so the weeks lengthened into months, and the ex-queen assured herself that she was forgetting.

"Not going out, my dear?" protested her mother as she appeared in the hall one gloomy Sunday with musktooth and umbrella.

"Yes, mother mine. It's a fine day for the art museum. No crowd, you know!"

She had never entered the place since that fateful afternoon. But now she was all a tremble with eagerness to get there. Some hazy barrier of pride had gone down, and she knew that she wanted to visit the scene once more just because there she could feel a little nearer to him.

The turnstile admitted her, with a click, not so much, it seemed to her, into the museum as into the atmosphere of that distant afternoon. Before the "Victory" she stopped for a mournful deliberation. It was here that he had accused her of being no more than a statue herself, and then—then he had gripped her arm and made her sit down and listen.

With a little gulp, she turned away and wandered blindly onward. When the mist cleared from her vision she found herself in the Egyptian room. Great carved figures glared at her with cold faces, and a ripple of interest stirred within her. With mournful eyes she read the inscriptions beside the mummy cases.

So this brown and mottling bundle had once been a queen! Through the raised lid of the case she could just catch a glimpse of the object now so dried and terrible, but once so splendidly human.

"Poor queen!" she murmured softly, as with her chin resting on her hand she gazed down at the gorgeously ornamented mummy case. "Poor queen!" And before she realized it a tear had splashed down on the glass.

Having been a queen, something of the sadness and fullness of it all wrung her spirit. Somehow being rich or poor did not now seem to matter. Being happy seemed the greatest thing.

She was too absorbed in her thoughts to notice a young man who had been making his way nearer and nearer to her in a somewhat furtive manner. Suddenly, as if he could no longer resist the temptation, a few quick steps brought him to her side.

The ex-queen looked up in surprise and then put out both hands impulsively. But the proud, high look of mastery had not yet vanished from his face.

"Did you really mean it?" he demanded.

For an answer she lifted her eyes to his for one brief, full moment. Even queens must learn their lesson. She had had hers.

Outside the steady drip, drip, drip, of the rain was only interrupted by the wailing of the wind, and the Egyptian room was very quiet and deserted.

As the newly enthroned queen turned to leave she looked down with a flushed, wistful face at the royal mummy. Then she murmured something softly.

"What's that?" asked her lover. But at her reply he looked slightly mystified.

"There's no use in telling you," she laughed. "Being only a man, you'll never understand, but I was saying goodbye to the other queen."

The directness of the appeal in literary expression involves a complexity of revolt against old forms. The writer is more variously tempted than the speaker into indirectness. The latter would never call the sun "the orb of day" or by the classic name of "Phoebus." Yet there was a period in English literature which lasted for a long time and is not even now wholly beyond the reach of our recollection when it seemed a breach of dignity for a writer to call anything by its right name. The concrete thing must be relieved of its vagrancy by the mask of a phrase. The horse was "the fleet courser," and all fruits were indiscriminately "Pomona's treasures." Qualities abstract enough in their common names were redeemed from the vice of particularity by personification. The processes of abstraction and generalization in the so-called classic age of English literature uprooted all things and set them floating in the air; the mind was not simply a mirror reflecting things, but made composite photographs of the images themselves. Nature was seen as a bundle of these composites.—H. M. Alden in Harper's Magazine.

The Value of a Name.

Nelson, a thriving little English town, is a living instance of the value of a name. Not long after the battle of Trafalgar some tinkler, tailor or other person established a tiny wayside inn and called it after the naval hero. There was nobody on the spot from whom to expect custom, but the road led to and from populous districts. Travelers stopped at the place, and presently a cottage or two began to rise, then more of them, and the name of the public house answered for the whole. That was the nucleus of the present town. Now 40,000 people live around the site which the old inn-keeper chose and called after the name of Nelson.

Friend—Now that you use a fountain pen I suppose you never stick your pastebrush in the ink any more.

Editor—No, but the other day I absent-mindedly filled my fountain pen from the mucilage bottle.—Cleveland Leader.

"Such a man as you are," snapped the angry better half of the combinator, "doesn't deserve to have a wife."

"That's right, my dear," calmly replied pa. I've often wondered what I ever did to deserve such an affliction.

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"But," remarked a member of the young billionnaire's Bible Class, "the good book says it will be easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven."

"Never mind that, my friend. Stick right to business. None of us will have a cent when we get to the gate."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Fake Medium—Is there any one else present who would like to have me materialize a spirit?

Hank Grubb—I want to see Jim Bunkum, who once beat me out of a horse.

Medium (after a pause)—Ahem! I find it will be impossible for Mr. Bunkum to be present this evening.—Chicago News.

Mary Ann—I thought ye wur wurkin' for Mrs. McEluff at five dollars the week.

Bridget—No, Shure, I have a nice job now with Mrs. Jenkins at four dollars the week.

Mary Ann—But a four dollar job ain't as good as a five dollar war.

Bridget—Faith, 'tis better if ye get the four dollars.—Phila. Press.

A Russian physician is talking of establishing a sanatorium for consumptives in the polar regions. He thinks that it would be a success, because he has observed that the members of polar expeditions who succeed in getting home are always in good health. This is so because of the pure air and the absence of all microbes.

Helen and Maude were at play when Maude was overheard saying: "My mamma does not allow me to use a bit of slang. She says it is coarse and vulgar."

"That's just what my mamma says," replied Helen. "My! But I'd get it right in the neck if she heard me using slang like some little girls."

"Skinner is taking no chances on paying out a fortune during the next handlers' strike. He has forbidden his family to eat any meat."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, and he beats his dogs every time he licks his chops."—Chicago Tribune.

In the examination of rubies by the Burmese artificial light is not used, the merchants holding that full sunlight alone can bring out the brilliancy of the gems. Sales must, therefore take place between 9 a. m. and 3 p. m. and the sky must be clear.

Friend—Now that you use a fountain pen I suppose you never stick your pastebrush in the ink any more.

Editor—No, but the other day I absent-mindedly filled my fountain pen from the mucilage bottle.—Cleveland Leader.

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RAILROAD AND STEAMBOAT CO. THE WICKFORD ROUTE.

In effect Nov. 1, 1904. Subject to change without notice.

Leave Newport at 10:00 a. m. for Wickford at 10:15 a. m. Leave Wickford at 10:30 a. m. for Newport at 10:45 a. m.

Leave Newport at 1:00 p. m. for Wickford at 1:15 p. m. Leave Wickford at 1:30 p. m. for Newport at 1:45 p. m.

Leave Newport at 4:00 p. m. for Wickford at 4:15 p. m. Leave Wickford at 4:30 p. m. for Newport at 4:45 p. m.

Leave Newport at 7:00 p. m. for Wickford at 7:15 p. m. Leave Wickford at 7:30 p. m. for Newport at 7:45 p. m.

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Health Rules in Japan.

The war in the far East has been valuable in bringing Japan before the eyes of the Western world as it would not have been in any other way. Anything treating of the life and customs of the little island people is eagerly read, and they can teach us much that is worth learning. This is especially true in matters of health, and the way in which the soldiers of Japan have stood the hardships of the present struggle and the manner in which they went through the terrible winter campaign in the Chinese war proves their system of living excellent. While it might not be perfectly adapted to our climate, there are many features which would be of benefit to any resident of New England. Take their habit of deep bathing, for example. Each day every man, woman and child in Japan takes a few moments and inhales long breaths of fresh air. It not only increases the chest expansion, but it time forms a habit of deep breathing that gives one power of endurance to master physical fatigue. Pure water is another of the Japanese commandments of health, and every Japanese drinks large quantities of water in the course of a day, which is of great value in flushing the system of impurities. The English people are laughing stock of the world because they travel with their bath tubs and take a cold bath every morning, but the Japanese can give them lessons in the matter of personal cleanliness. Many stories have been sent back from the Manchurian front telling of how the officers and soldiers never neglect the opportunity to bathe, and how the little men consider a hot bath the greatest treat to be obtained, and the cold plunge a necessity. The story is told of how two Japanese officers were captured by the Russians while trying to blow up a bridge on the Trans-Siberian road, tried by drumhead court-martial and sentenced to be shot. They were so brave and so gentlemanly that their executioners asked them if there was not some last favor which they could do for them. One officer asked that the \$100 he had on his person be given to the Russian Red Cross, the other that he might be allowed to take a bath that he could die clean.

We could not live on the rice diet of the Japanese, but it is true that we eat too much meat—a thing that the Japanese are careful not to do. Many of them cannot afford to buy meat, but even the richer families do not eat it in anything like the quantities which the Americans and English do. Both our athletes and those of the English eat large quantities of red meat while in training, and in England ale and beer are also used. This is a thing which the Japanese must be unable to understand, for they frown on alcoholic drinks, and there is no talk of an army canteen in the Japanese military establishment. Sake is the national drink, but it must have been months since some of the soldiers have tasted it, and they can fight better and endure more because they are without artificial stimulants and in perfect physical condition. The Japanese from childhood are brought up in the way of health and common sense. They do not receive the training of Sparta, but there is no codding of the youngsters such as the American children of well-to-do parents are apt to receive. The children are trained in the schools to stand pain and fatigue, and it tells in their after life. The morality among the younger children is much smaller than in this country, and in time we will be told more of the manner of their bringing up by the medical papers. It is said that the mortality is less among the children between one and five than it is among the people over seventy. Last year the total mortality among Japanese children under five was only about fifty per cent, greater than the number of deaths of people over sixty, which does not make the figures of mortality among the children of this country look well.

Gave Him a Brilliant Idea.

On the journey from Vienna to St. Petersburg the late Irving Bishop, the well-known mind-reader, was entertaining his fellow-passengers by guessing their thoughts. One of the travelers, a Polish Jew, who took the whole thing as a hoax, offered to pay Irving Bishop the sum of fifty rubles if he could divine his thoughts. Visibly amused, Bishop acceded to the request, and said, "You are going to the fair at Nijni-Novgorod, where you intend to purchase goods to the extent of twenty thousand rubles, after which you will declare yourself a bankrupt and compound with your creditors for three per cent. On hearing these words, the Jew gazed at the speaker with reverential awe. Then without uttering a syllable, he drew out of the leg of his boot a shabby purse and handed him the fifty rubles. Whereupon the magician triumphantly inquired, "Then I have guessed your thoughts, eh?" "No," replied the Jew, "but you have given me a brilliant idea."

Did Not Know Him.

Two Scots in London were passing Whitehall, when one said, "I wonder from which of these windows it was that King Charles was led out to be executed?" Till asked the "bobby." Can you tell me," he said, addressing that dignitary, "from which window Charles was led out to his execution?" "Charles! Charles!" said the constable, reflectively; "I never heard on him; it must have been afore my time."

Where He Falls.

"It's too bad the average man can't be satisfied with a good living and not be hungry for more money." "The average man is satisfied with a good living. The only trouble is that his idea of a good living grows with his income."—Exchange. "No," said Farmer Cornsloss to the summer boarder, "I don't believe all I see in the newspapers." "Why not?" "Well, you see, I've advertised all the comforts of home a few times myself."—Washington Star. "Your account has been standing a long time, Mr. Duke." "Then give it a seat, my dear Shears." "Very glad to; shall we make a receipt?"—London Tit-Bits. "Isn't my new dress becoming to me?" asked the delighted wife. "Yes," replied the head of the establishment. "And I suppose the bill of it will soon be coming to me." Ragoon Tatters—"Say, boss, gimme the price of a meal. I'm nearly starved." Stingman—"Can't I, me poor fellow, but the next man you ask may, so here's a toothpick."—Philadelphia Ledger.

When The Shoes are Damp.

Much advice is given from time to time in regard to the care of the youngsters' shoes as they come in from school, wet and muddied from contact with wet pavements and the unconformable wading in puddles, which is sure to delight the heart of the small boy. But with all this advice about keeping the children's shoes in good condition, those belonging to the older people are usually allowed to take care of themselves, though they may be of even greater importance and quite as often damp. Few people give proper care to their shoes. They come in damp, tied, cold, perhaps, and possibly not in the best of temper, fling their shoes off impatiently, get into slippers as quickly as possible, and sit down to rest, forgetting that their shoes will be severely wear and condition by the next morning. If every one would invest in a quart or two of good clean oats, and keep them in a bag in the dressing-room they would have at hand the means of putting their shoes in good condition with very little trouble and less cost. As soon as the shoes are taken off, lace or button them up, and fill them about two-thirds full of oats, shake them down well, then tie in a handkerchief a parcel of oats as large as can be pressed into the top of the shoes to fill the remaining space and put the shoes away until wanted. The oats absorb the moisture in the shoes, and in absorbing it the oats swell considerably, and the constant pressure on the leather keeps the shoe in correct shape and prevents that uncomfortable stiffness and rigidity always noticed when leather has been wet. A little trouble and care of this sort will save many a pair of shoes, and in all probability will save many a corn from being formed by the pressure of shoes hardened from dampness.

Etiquette.

A gentleman always rises from his chair when a lady enters or leaves the room. On a man's visiting card only titles that indicate a rank or profession for life should be used. At a ball one may not refuse a certain dance to one gentleman and then dance it with another. A letter to a married woman is directed with her husband's name or initials and her own—as, Mrs. Thomas H. Gibbs or Mrs. T. R. Gibbs. To be polite to one we dislike is not necessarily being insincere. Politeness is not so much a manifestation toward others as an indication of what we are ourselves. We owe it to ourselves to be well bred. On formal occasions no napkin rings appear on the table and the napkin is used by the owner. At the home dinner the napkin, if not too soiled, should be placed in the ring to be used again at breakfast or luncheon.

To Care for Plants in Winter.

Give plants all the fresh air you can. Open doors and windows at some distance from them on pleasant days and give them a chance to breathe in pure oxygen in liberal quantity. Give all the sunshine you can. And aim to keep the temperature of the room between 70° by day and 55° at night. It will probably exceed these figures in both directions, but try to regulate it in such a way as to avoid the extremes of intense heat and dangerous cold. Use water liberally on the foliage of your plants. By washing off the dust it keeps open the pores of the leaves through which they breathe, and it tempers the hot, dry atmosphere usually prevailing in the living room. The only way to modify this condition is to keep water constantly evaporating on the stove or register and make frequent use of the sprayer.—Lippincott's Magazine.

A Frenchman's Ruse.

Mme. Bouvet, the wife of a Paris shopkeeper, who left him, received the following letter: "If you will not come and see me alive, you will perhaps come and see my corpse, for by the time you receive this letter I shall have committed suicide." She hastened to her husband's house, and on breaking open the door saw a body still swinging to and fro. "Oh, my poor Edward!" she sobbed. "I have killed him, and I am a wretched woman." At that moment her husband rushed out of the kitchen. "No, you have not killed me, but you will if you do not come back at once." The body was found to be a skillfully made dummy which had been arranged by the artful husband. He was nevertheless arrested on the charge of hoaxing a public official, as Mme. Bouvet was accompanied by a police magistrate.

The Man.

The way a man describes business deals to his wife would make his male associates wonder and wonder whether they have not entertained a business prodigy unaware. The bestest way to a man's heart is through his stomach, and the nearest way to his temper is through his pocketbook. In youth a man often desires a son to bear his name. In middle age he often desires a daughter to help him to forget the same son. One thing makes a man's tact glaringly conspicuous, his absence. Men rate a woman at the value she places on herself.—Clubwoman.

Mutual Lapse of Memory.

Mrs. B., who has passed the meridian of life and is ambling down its western slope, had occasion to consult her doctor. Before he diagnosed her illness he asked her age. "Doctor," said the old lady, with some asperity, "I am just one year older than I was the fine last year when you visited me professionally and asked the same question." "How old were you then?" asked the doctor. "I have forgotten." "So have I."—Chicago-Record-Herald.

A Question of Weight.

The enthusiasm of carmen for their sport is, I think, keener even than that of the golfer. They never can help talking "shop." The other day a young carman told me of his engagement to be married and also of the engagement of another well known carman. I endeavored to find words suitable to the occasion, but I was stopped, as he promptly interjected, "You know, mine's 11 stone 8, and X's is only 9 stone 1." The ruling passion was strong in love.—London Truth.

The Christmas Delineator.

The December Delineator, with its message of good cheer and hopefulness, will be welcomed in every home. The fashion pages are unusually attractive, illustrating and describing the very latest modes in a way to make their construction during the busy festive season a pleasure instead of a task, and the literary and pictorial features are of rare excellence. A selection of Love Songs from the Wagner Operas, rendered into English by Richard Gullienne and beautifully illustrated in colors by J. C. Leyendecker, occupies a prominent place, and a chapter in the Composers' Series, relating the Romance of Wagner and Cosima, is an interesting supplement to the lyrics. A very clever paper entitled "The Court Circles of the Republic," describes some unique phases of Washington social life from an unnamed contributor, who is said to write from the inner circles of society. There are short stories from the pens of F. Hopkinson Smith, Robert Grant, Alice Brown, Mary Stewart Cutting and Elmore Elliott Peake, and such interesting writers as Julia Magruder, L. Frank Baum and Grace MacGowan Cooke hold the attention of the children. Many Christmas suggestions are given in needlework and the Cookery pages are replete with the Christmas feast. In addition, there are the regular departments of the magazine, with many special articles on topics relating to woman's interests within and without the home.

The Companion Informs and Entertains.

The Youth's Companion uses entertainment as a means rather than an end, conveying always in its fiction and its articles some convincing truth or some contribution to the useful knowledge of its readers. The 225 men and women enlisted to write for the Companion represent an unusual variety of talents and callings. Through The Companion they address not only the young and impressionable, but the fathers and mothers of the nation. The entire family claim a share in the good things which fill The Companion's pages. Full Illustrated Announcement, describing the principal features of The Companion's new volume for 1905, will be sent to any address free. The new subscriber for 1905 will receive all the issues of The Companion for the remaining weeks of 1904 free from the time of subscription, also The Companion "Carnations" Calendar for 1905, lithographed in twelve colors and gold.

The Youth's Companion, 144 Berkeley Street, Boston, Mass.

The Only Thing Left.

A grandfather, well known in the English House of Commons was chatting amiably with his little granddaughter, who was snugly ensconced on his knee. "What makes your hair so white, grandpa?" the little miss queried. "I am very old, my dear; I was in the ark," replied his lordship, with a painful disregard of the truth. "Oh, are you Noah?" "No." "Are you Shem, then?" "No, I am not Shem." "Are you Ham?" "No." "Then," said the little one who was fast nearing the limit of her Biblical knowledge, "you must be Japhet."

Lion and Dog.

Little Willie told his mother that a lion was on the front porch, but when an investigation was made it was found to be the Newfoundland dog, which had been newly shorn. "Now, Willie," said his mother, "you have told a very naughty story, and you must go up to your room and pray for forgiveness, and remain there until the Lord does forgive you." Willie promptly obeyed, but was gone only a few minutes before he came tripping back. "Did the Lord forgive you?" asked his mother. "Yes," was the reply, "and He said He didn't blame me much, either, 'cause when He first said it He sort of thought it was a lion Himself."—T. R. Lyon, in New York Tribune.

Assured—I hear your son is going in for a literary career? Mrs. Dreamer—Yes. He started in this very morning. Assured—Indeed! What has he done? Mrs. Dreamer—He sat for his photograph in two poses, one where he's reading a book and another with his brow resting on his hand.—Philadelphia Press.

He took the house, he took the barn, the children at their play; He took the dog, he took the cat, and he took the fowl and Gray. He took the pretty parrot maid, a swinging on the knee. And he took with him a rick and vowed the picturesquely great.

In reply to inquiries we have pleasure in announcing that City's Liquid Cream Balm is like the solid preparation of that admirable remedy in that it cleanses and heals membranes by moist catarrhs. There is no drying or sneezing. The Liquid Cream Balm is adapted to wet patients who have trouble in inhaling through the nose and preclude the use of the finger in spraying the mucous membrane. Sold by druggists or mailed by Ely Brothers, 56 Warren Street, New York.

Why is a school boy like a postage stamp? Because he gets tickled and put in a corner. The simplest and best regulators of the disordered Liver, taken for Constipation, Biliousness, Headache, Dizziness, Nausea, &c., prevent and cure Constipation and Biliousness, and remove the cause of the complaint, and are mild and gentle in their operation on the bowels. Carter's Little Liver Pills are moving and cleansing the bowels. One pill a dose. Price 25 cents.

If you like to read and have many books, be careful that you read too much and think too little.

None knows better than those who have used Carter's Little Liver Pills what relief they give when taken for Constipation, Biliousness, Headache, Dizziness, Nausea, &c., and all the ills produced by disordered liver. Only one pill a dose.

A worthless man always has his sign out. —Aitchison Globe.

Why don't you try Carter's Little Liver Pills? They are a positive cure for sick headache, and all the ills produced by disordered liver. Only one pill a dose.

Women's Dep't.

The Equal of any Man in The Country.

In her address at the meeting of the Kentucky D. A. R., the president, Mrs. Will Reynolds said: "The Daughters of the American Revolution were founded in the purest spirit of freedom, patriotism and independence. The name of no man or set of men should be used in electing our officers, every Daughter being the equal of any man in the country, no matter how high his position is or has been." In a social sense this is true, but in a political sense nothing can be further from the truth. Any man in the country, no matter how low his position is or has been, is the political superior of every Daughter of the American Revolution. No man in this country is taxed without representation or governed without his consent. Every Daughter of the American Revolution, unless she lives in the states where women vote, lives under same conditions that induced her forefathers to take up arms against his mother country, and it is strange that this "spirit of freedom, patriotism and independence" does not lead the D. A. R. to revolt against the injustice that classes a Daughter of the American Revolution with idiots, lunatics, murderers and criminals.—Lida Calvert Obenshain.

Judge D. Cady Herrick on Woman Suffrage.

Judge Herrick, the Democratic nominee for governor of New York State, in expressing himself in opposition to woman suffrage, has given what seem to me some very good arguments for it. He is reported to have said: "From what I have seen at the polls I should hate to see any of the fair ones of my family go there. It is a dreadful thing to think of women, God's finest creatures, being brought in contact with such environments." "Not but what I believe women are capable of voting with discretion and honesty. It is a mere matter of sentiment, a horror and dislike of seeing the bloom of femininity brushed away by the political life, as would surely occur were women allowed to vote."

If all this be true, what an arraignment against man suffrage and what an argument for woman suffrage. Politics is the science of government and if men have brought it down to the level of a drunken brawl, who is to blame for it and who would be more likely to raise it out of the mire than "God's finest creatures" who have always had an uplifting and refining influence upon everything with which they have been connected? Why should politics be an exception?

Judge Herrick frankly admits there are no real arguments against woman suffrage, it is all a "mere matter of sentiment." He believes woman capable of voting with discretion and honesty, but fears the "bloom of femininity" will be brushed away should they be given the ballot. This brushing away of "the bloom of femininity" has been the regular stock-in-trade "argument" that has been used against every step in the progress of woman from higher education to the ballot, and in every instance has proven to be a "mere matter of sentiment," with no foundation in fact. If it is true that men have made politics so corrupt that they fear to have their women come in contact with it, is it not high time that something was being done to drag it out of this slough of corruption and who would be more likely to accomplish the task than the women of this country who stand for honesty and morality to the greatest extent of any class?—Elvora Monroe Babcock.

The Lady and the Turnkey.

Senator Hoar was noted for his wit. He illustrated the inconsistency of some of the opponents of equal rights for women by the following story: "Some years ago, an admirable lady headed a remonstrance from the town of Lancaster against giving women the ballot. A few weeks later she came in to my office to take steps for a public meeting to promote the establishment of a separate prison for women, since successfully in operation at Sherborn. She knew all about it. She had studied like experiments in Ireland, I think, and in Prussia or elsewhere. She told me that girls after a first lapse from honesty or virtue might often be reclaimed by the care and sympathy of a wise and tender matron. But when, under the existing system, they were thrust into the same prison with men, and were subjected to the control of coarse and brutal turnkeys, all chance of their reformation was gone. I said to her, 'Well, madam, what does the coarse and brutal turnkey think of it?' She replied, 'I suppose he thinks it is all right as it is.' I said to her, 'Well, of course his opinion ought to be taken and not yours.' She looked, as you will be believed, a good deal astonished. I said to her, 'This is a question of government, and yet you are laboring to prevent your own voice from being counted on this question, while that of the turnkey is to have its full weight.'"

A Burning Shame.

Certain illiberal members of the Boston School Committee are renewing the attack unsuccessfully made last winter to prevent women from becoming principals through regular grades of promotion. To effect that object it is proposed that no women shall hereafter serve as sub-masters even of the girls' grammar schools. That such an exclusion of women from positions, regardless of gifts, character, and service, should be even proposed, ought to arouse the shame and indignation of every public spirited man or woman.

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What children need is more models and fewer critics.—Chicago News.

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PROF. GIFFORD PINCHOTT, Chief of Bureau of Forestry, Department of Agriculture, Washington.

Hon. D. E. SALMON, Chief of Bureau of Animal Industry, Washington.

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